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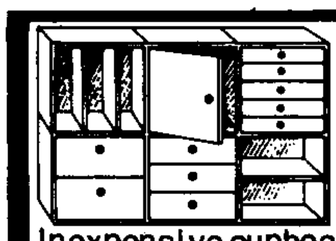

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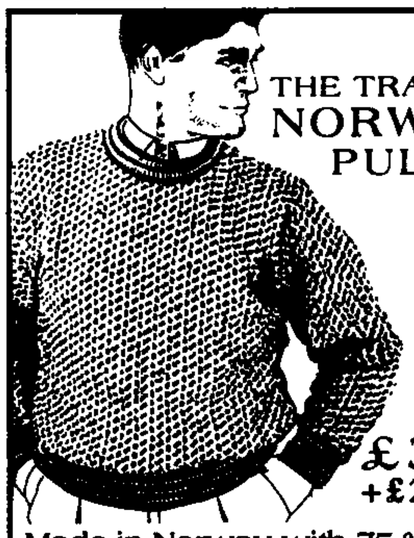

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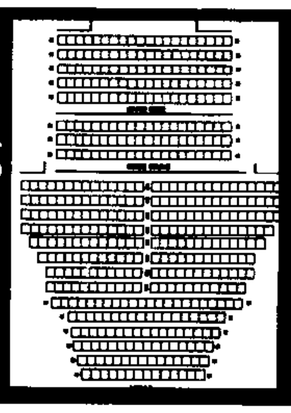

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Gnome

READERS will be delighted to learn of the engagement of myself to Ms Ree Ta Toyota (formerly Miss Chevrolet), the well-known Arts administrator and masseuse *(shurely 'massively well qualified new President of the International Friends of the Royal Philharmonic'? E.S.)*.

Some older readers may express surprise at the age difference between myself, 79, and this beautiful Japanese girl hanging demurely on my arm at the tender age of 45.

However, I have always believed that love knows no boundaries.

Nor, I am sure, would my late wife, Lady "Bubbles" Gnome, be otherwise than thrilled by the news that I was going to marry the woman I had lived with for so many years while she was alive.

I am sure you will all wish me every marital happiness in the future and my newspapers will keep you informed of Ree Ta's every movement *(Yes, sir. E.S.)*.

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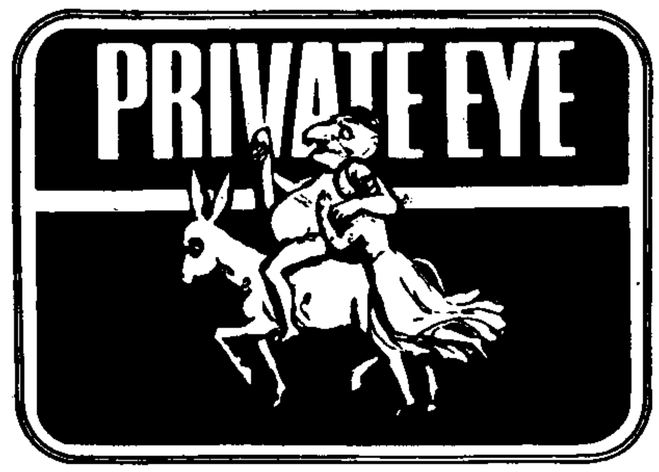


COLOUR SECTION

THE lead piece about the Birmingham Six in the last *Eye* featured prominently in pre-trial submissions before Mr Justice Garland by lawyers representing the three police officers charged with fabricating evidence against one of the Birmingham Six.

Lawyers claimed that the *Eye*'s piece, which predicted that the case would go roughly the same way as the case against the officers accused of fabricating evidence against the Guildford Four, was a contempt of court.

At one stage it looked absurdly as though the *Eye* might be up on another contempt charge as the lawyers ranted about the unfair prejudice to their clients from such publicity. In fact, not a word about the evidence, the fabricated statement concerned, likely witnesses or anything even remotely prejudicial to the case appeared in the *Eye* article.

In the end, Mr Justice Garland plumped for caution and the police officers walked free after the judge said they could not possibly get a fair trial because of the publicity as a whole. In his later judgement, Garland said not a word about the fantastic publicity that accompanied the original case against the six men, nor other cases of the most blatantly-biased publicity by the authorities against unconvicted defendants like the Yorkshire Ripper case, for instance, or the Colin Wallace case.

Where evidence is fabricated in future, the legal position now is that the media have two alternatives. Either they keep quiet, in which case no one will ever know about the scandal. Or they publish, in which case there is no chance whatever of anyone being convicted of the fabrication. Thus has Mr Justice Garland declared indemnity for all future fabricators.

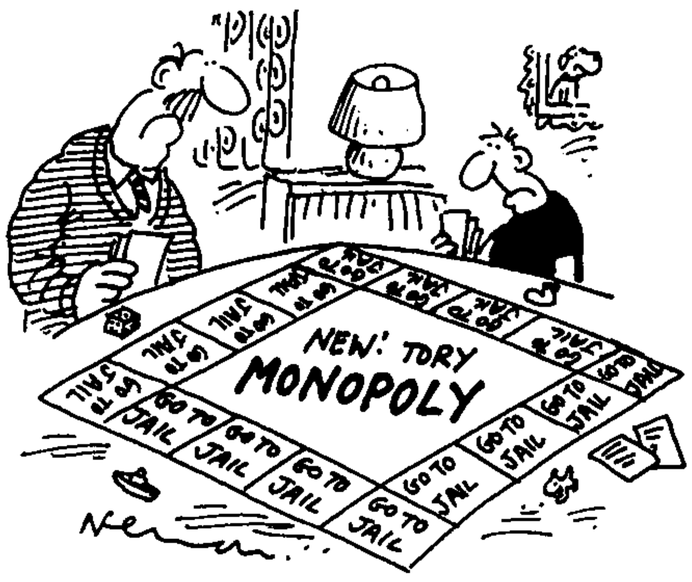
Though the six men are furious that whoever rigged the case against them have not been punished, many of them were privately relieved that the case did not go ahead. They had been apprehensive that it would simply have been used to reconvict them.

The police officers' defence, as in the Guildford case, was that the six men were guilty. Preparations had been made to clear the court of busybody journalists so that "special evidence" could be heard in secret from special branch and MI5 in Birmingham. The gist of this was that one of the six had collected money for republican prisoners in Northern Ireland, and so was obviously in the IRA.

The special branch "evidence" did not deal with the suggestion that top officers had excellent intelligence about the identity of all the men in the IRA gang who had carried out the Birmingham pub bombings. The gang was at that time back in Ireland, and so obviously could not have included a single one of the six men prosecuted.

Deprived of the chance to reconvict the six by smear and innuendo in court, the West Midlands police, led by very senior officers indeed, continue their whispering campaign against them. It was a leak from West Midlands police in September last year that gave the Brummie journalist Robert Porter a front-page "scoop" in the *Sunday Telegraph* to the effect that the six did indeed handle explosives.

Porter, now chief reporter, was back in action again on 17 October with a vast sob story for the three acquitted police officers, one of whom, George Reade, was quoted as saying: "In our eyes, their [the Six's] guilt is beyond doubt." Porter alleged that new forensic tests done since the men's release in 1991 "show that four of the six could have handled explosives". These tests were done on the rail tickets which the men had bought for their journey to Heysham before they were



arrested. These showed, Porter was told, that the tickets had been handled by people in contact with nitroglycerine.

This ancient theory, however, was refuted even before the case originally came to court when it was shown that the tickets had been handled again and again by police officers armed with pistols which they themselves had loaded. The new tests (as well as the old ones) confirmed that these police hands could easily have produced the positive results — but this rather vital feature of the evidence was not passed on to Porter or to any other of the Midlands hacks who have been trying to reconvict six innocent men.

● **Another classic example of the Campaign to Reconvict was a huge leader-page article on 8 October by Peter Rhodes, chief feature writer of the *Wolverhampton Express and Star*.**

Entitled "Why I am Ending My Angry Silence", the piece featured the former home office forensic scientist, Frank Skuse, who carried out the Greiss test which purported to show that some of the six had been in contact with nitroglycerine. Skuse was also responsible for the tests on Judith Ward which helped put her away for 18 years for motorway bombings that she didn't do. The forensic evidence in the Ward case was denounced by the appeal court as "conviction by ambush".

Rhodes's entirely uncritical piece starts with the assertion that Skuse has "said not a word in public about the case". In fact, Skuse gave evidence in public for nearly three days in the 1987-88 appeal of the six men, at the end of which the judges, who refused to set aside the convictions, conceded that the Greiss test was not, as claimed by Skuse in the Rhodes article, specific to nitroglycerine.

A leader in the *Express and Star* alongside the article says: "We are as far away as ever from the most elusive question in British legal history: who bombed Birmingham?" Yet six years ago, a Granada television programme of that title identified the bomb gang. A special branch document sent to Granada named an IRA suspect for the bombings who was not one of the six men.

Chris Mullin MP, who wrote a book about the case, says he has interviewed the men who say they did the bombings — and they are not the six.

CHRISTMAS CARDS!

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Street of Shame

THE pressure is beginning to tell on Gormless Piers Morgan, the *Sun*'s most pisspoor columnist, as he tries to slip into broadcasting, presumably as insurance against Kelvin Mackenzie's wrath.

Attempts at regular telly work have come to nothing, but OBNing Matthew Bannister's dire "new look" Radio One line-up seems to have paid off: Gormless has landed a weekly slot on the very boring Jackie Brambles show.

Spreading his talent in this way leaves Piers with less time to carry out the very detailed research for which he is famous — keeping back issues of magazines like *Empire* and then copying out large chunks for *Sun* readers a month or so after publication.

He perfected the technique with *Dracula* actress Winona Ryder, reproducing material about the end of her affair with actor Johnny Depp and her new relationship with a musician. Last Monday the *Sun* carried a riveting quote from Depp: "You're in a bar, and you go to the bathroom to take a pee, right? And you're standing in the urinal with your d**k in your hand and some guy comes up to you and goes, 'Hey, how are you and Winona Ryder going?' I mean, Jesus Christ."

Apart from wondering what Depp was doing in a lavatory with a duck, anybody interested in this sort of tosh would know it was out of date. Morgan's piece was lifted verbatim from page 31 of the April edition of the American *Movieline* magazine, although Depp was holding his dick in the original story.

Trying to retrieve his position, Morgan returned to Ryder's lovelife in last Friday's paper — this time with a story very similar to four-day-old Press Association copy.

ON 8 OCTOBER the *Daily Mail*'s letters page was filled with a heart-rending missive from one Margaret Cesar. She described how, after working loyally at Conservative central office for many years, she had suddenly been made redundant.

"No witnesses were present, and I was given no reasonable explanation... My security pass was taken away and I was suddenly left, with my belongings, sitting on the wall outside the office." The *Mail* clearly sympathised with her plight, describing her treatment as "shabby".

This struck a chord with one *Mail* reader, Bridget Davis. She wrote to the paper revealing that, on the very day the letter appeared, similar treatment had been meted out to her brother, John Simpson, a graphic artist. After several years of loyal service to his employer he had suddenly had his security pass taken away and been ordered to clear his desk. As in Mrs Cesar's case, he was given no explanation.

"You may well ask," Mrs Davis wrote to the *Mail*, "who the employer was who treated him so shabbily... Not the Conservative central office, no not this time. It was the *Daily Mail* — yes, you."

Oddly enough, her letter has not been published.

GEOFFREY LEAN, the former environment correspondent of the *Observer* who is now at the *Sindie*, is busily trying to sabotage his old employers. He has written to many of his contacts in the green world, urging them to switch their allegiance to the *Sindie* "now that the *Observer* is scaling down its environmental coverage".

This is pretty hard on Lean's successor, Polly Ghazi, who has had a string of big stories in the *Observer* in recent weeks. What makes it all the more galling is that a couple of years ago, when he was critically ill, Ghazi actually saved Lean's life. Through her father, who is a consultant, she arranged a special ambulance to rush Lean from Surrey to St Thomas's hospital in London, where he had a life-saving operation. Without her intervention, Lean might not have made it in time. More recently, when he left, it was la Ghazi who organised a collection for his leaving present. His current attempts to rubbish her seem a rather odd way of repaying the debt.

But then Lean has always been slightly creepy. Just before last year's general election, he wrote to several Tory ministers in his field — including Lynda Chalker, William Waldegrave and John Gummer — wishing them well in the campaign. An *Observer* hack who found the letters in Lean's computer queue was so incensed by this Arslikhan that he typed in an extra sentence at the end of each: "And don't forget the knighthood." He then printed them out, forged Lean's signature and posted them.

MILADY Eve Pollard, editor of the *Sunday Express*, has been experiencing further problems in her quest for the perfect secretary.

The latest victim was a temp named Lisa who fielded an incoming call for la Bollard. Not all of us can be expected to know about the marital arrangements of the great and good, and when the caller identified himself as Sir Nick Lloyd, he was asked "Who are you?". When hubby finally got through and reported the conversation, Eve sacked the hapless girl immediately.

La Bollard's sidekick Charles Golding has been no luckier. Only a day before Eve's dismissal of Lisa, Golding was also provided with a new secretary. He immediately recognised her, to his horror, as the ex-girlfriend of his brother, who had recently jilted her. The wretched Golding sacked her forthwith.

THE *Sunday Torygraph*'s snobbish and obscure Mandrake column owes a big apology to the erstwhile queen mother of Jaipur state and to the former maharajah.

Last month, trying to show how wordly it is, the column referred to the former royal family of Jaipur (royalty was derecognised in India in 1970) while making some oblique point, and completely ballsed it up.

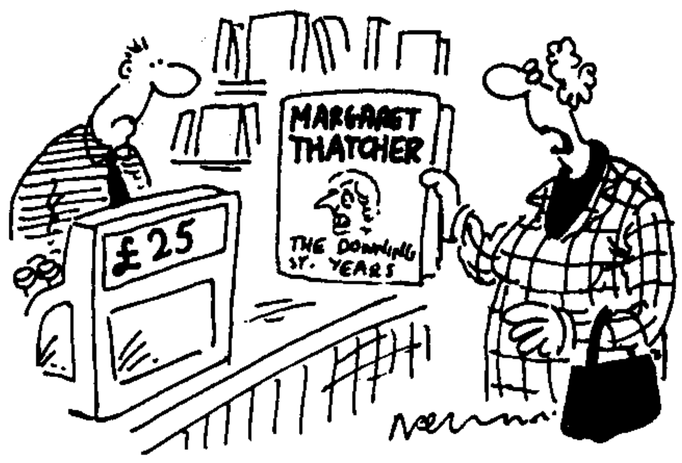
"Gayatri Devi, the Maharani of Jaipur — her late husband Bubbles was a polo playing chum of Prince Philip — was numbered among the most beautiful women in the world," it said.

In fact Gayatri Devi is not maharani but rajmata, or queen mother, after being widowed in 1969. Bubbles is not her husband but her stepson, who succeeded his father as maharajah. And Bubbles — or Col Bhawani Singh, a much-decorated soldier from the Parachute regiment, is very much alive.

Not content with accusing Bubbles of incest and then killing him off, Mandrake then printed an imposing picture of Gyatri Devi with the "late" Bubbles. The man in the picture was Man Singh, Gyatri Devi's husband who *was* a polo playing chum of Philip. He died halfway through a chukka in England in 1969.

THE advertising slogan used by the *Mail on Sunday* for many years — "A Newspaper, Not A Snoozepaper" — has had to be hastily revised following the launch of the paper's intensely soporific new "Night and Day" supplement two weeks ago.

Jocelyn "Miss" Targett, hired at a grossly inflated salary of more than £90,000 to create the supplement, filled most of the launch issue with an exceedingly long and unexciting piece about Lloyd's of London — which had already appeared



"To pay for it, I had to sell the family silver"

in the *New Yorker*. Wags in the office have rechristened the section "Night Night, Sleep Tight".

"Miss" Targett's dismal efforts were compounded by an expensive cock-up on the contents page of his very first issue, where Jeffrey Archer was referred to as "a former bankrupt". If there is one thing that everyone in Fleet Street knows, it is that Archer was never technically bankrupt — and that he sues anyone who says he was.

By the time *MoS* executives noticed Targett's clod-hopping error on Saturday evening, it was too late to change it and they had to insert an apology in the main section of the paper. After hasty negotiations with milord Archer, they also agreed to pay him £25,000 not to sue.

All this has confirmed the misgivings of certain senior figures at the *MoS* about the wisdom of hiring "Miss" Targett in the first place. As the *Eye* revealed, he was personally recruited by Sir David Fester, chairman of Associated Newspapers, over the head of the paper's editor, Jonathan Holborow. One trusts Sir David is still proud of his *protégé*.

TARGETT, meanwhile, is busily creating his own coterie of grossly overpaid *protégés*, starting with the soporific William Leith, late of the *Indescribablyboring on Sunday*.

How Leith got his new job at the *MoS* is a lot more interesting than anything he ever wrote for the *Sindie*.

About a month ago the *Sunday Times* invited him to join its swollen staff as a feature writer for a salary of £60,000. Leith told his boss on the *Sindie*'s review section, Liz Jobey, who asked him what sort of rise might persuade him to remain loyal. Leith, who was receiving £45,000 for his embarrassing, *angst*-filled anecdotes, suggested £10,000 would do the trick.

The *Sindie*'s editor, Ian Jack, agreed to a meeting. But his first words as Leith stepped into his office were: "About the ten, I can only manage five." When Leith gingerly inquired whether this might be open to negotiation, Jack exploded. "Fuck you! Fuck you! Fuck you! You can fuck off out of my office!" The loyal Leith then decided to stay at the *Sindie* for the extra five grand.

When he next came into the office, however, a message was waiting for him from Jack. "About the five," it said. "I can only do three." Leith felt sore about this, having turned down the *Sunday Times* offer. But he didn't feel sore for long. The same morning he received a call from "Miss" Targett. How would he like to be Night and Day's film reviewer: 52 reviews a year, 1,000 words each, plus a couple of features? The annual salary? Almost as absurd as Targett's: a mere £85,000.

FURTHER to Lonrho's attempts to asset-strip the *Observer* before the paper's luckless hacks transfer to their new shoe-box at the *Guardian* (see recent *Eyes*), Lonrho henchman John "Fuck" Witts has renewed his penny-pinching harassment of the *Observer* film unit's Kimi Zabihyan.

Zabihyan had ordered a new laser printer, using a budget provided by the BBC, and was surprised when it kept failing. Finally an embarrassed storeroom hand told her that Witts had instructed them to put an old printer in the new one's box... and to keep the good one for Lonrho!

This austerity drive does not seem to extend to "Fuck" Witts himself, who has been seen driving around recently in displaced editor Donald Trelford's bottle-green Jaguar.

ANDREW ROSINDELL, chairman of the Young Conservatives, won a thunderous ovation in the law and order debate at the party conference with his call for young thugs to be birched.

How odd, then, to learn that Rosindell himself has recently been an apologist for a convicted thug.

The thug in question is one Albie Tebbutt, an Essex removals contractor who, like Rosindell, sits as a Tory councillor in the London borough of Havering. Last year Tebbutt was convicted of assault and causing actual bodily harm after he had viciously beaten up a member of the local residents' association who had objected to Tebbutt's breaches of the planning regulations at his depot in Crow Lane, Romford.

Tebbutt was originally given a four-month suspended sentence. By law, any councillor who has a jail term of more than three months — whether suspended or not — is obliged to resign his seat. But after an appeal earlier this year, the sentence was reduced to two months.

Nevertheless, some of his colleagues still felt that it was wrong for a violent criminal to remain on the council, and they duly proposed a motion calling on him to stand down. One might have expected Rosindell to vote for the motion. However, it seems that his disapproval of "thugs" does not extend to thugs who happen to be members of his own party. He gave Tebbutt his full backing.

TIME is running out for transport secretary John MacGregor. He has until the end of the month to decide whether or not to accept the crucial Lords amendment to his daft rail privatisation bill.

The new spasm of Tory unity should last just long enough to enable "Brunel" to overturn it in the Commons (the rebel leader Sir Keith Speed is no Robert Adley) if he decides to snub the Lords. In so doing he will prevent BR from coming to the rescue of his reputation, for BR would win the great majority of new rail franchise bids and partially save the national rail network from destruction.

If the amendment is rejected, rail users face a combination of chaos and vastly increased fares, while the treasury (which is believed to be strapped for cash) faces a much higher bill for rail subsidies. While he sweats, MacGregor has given up trying to bribe BR managers into mounting buy-outs and is now blackmailing them instead, warning them (including BR chief executive "Admiral" double-your-money John Welsby) that they have no future in their present jobs in the hated public sector.

This is having a marvellous effect on morale. To concentrate everyone's mind even more wonderfully, shadow transport minister Brian Wilson has put the kybosh on hopes of raising City backing for franchise deals. All he has had to do is point out that any incoming Labour government would have to review, as part of normal budget policy, all the long-term subsidy commitments inherited from the Tories.

ULSTER'S raving Prot, the Rev Ian Paisley, has been strangely silent on the question of talks between Sinn Fein and the SDLP. He has been too busy playing host to the octogenarian bigot and racial supremacist from America, the Rev Bob Jones.

Jones, best known for his eponymous university in South Carolina, was invited over by the Martyr's Memorial Presbyterian Church and its loud-mouthed pastor. (It was Jones who awarded Paisley his first doctorate in the 1960s, although Paisley was unable to attend the conferral due to his temporary incarceration following an anti-Catholic stunt that went wrong.)

Jones's visit is unlikely to have contributed to a more tolerant Ulster, but it produced one significant advantage for the province's long suffering residents. When Jones flew out of Heathrow last week, he took Paisley with him, apparently on a fundraising tour of the southern states.

THE behaviour of Rupert Allason MP, aka spy-writer Nigel West, is becoming ever more eccentric.

Alarmingly, he seems to be losing his memory. In *Eye* 827 we noted that in his book *Seven Spies Who Changed The World* Allason had claimed, absurdly, that American U-2 spy planes were made of plastic and plywood. This provoked a furious letter from him, published in our last issue, denouncing our story as a "fabrication". "As you could verify with ease," he wrote, "none of the editions [of the book] contained the errors relating to the U-2 plane that you assert."

Chastened, we have now looked again at *Seven Spies Who Changed The World* — only to find that he does indeed refer to the U-2's "plastic and balsa-wood airframes". Not plywood, true, but still equally nonsensical. Perhaps Allason doesn't read his own books; or is he a few apples short of a picnic?

'Backbiter'

"To me he's still the man who put the 'Grey' in Great Britain"

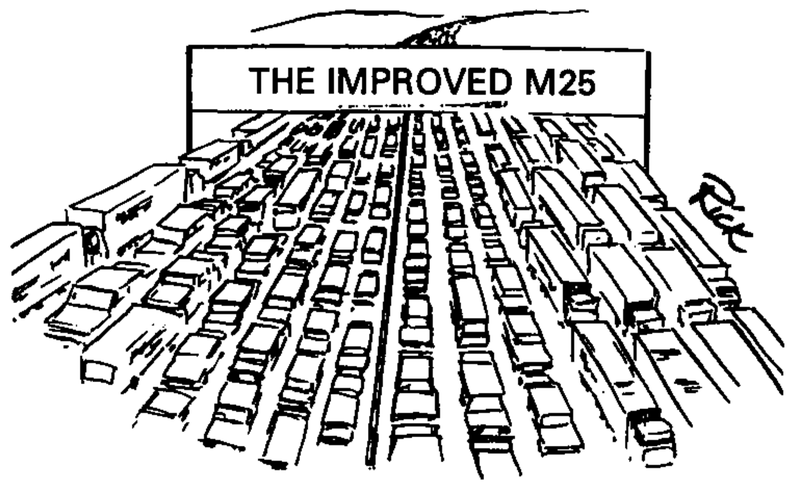
DIPLOMACY

THE rebellion of Bosnian Muslim strongman Fikret Abdic against the Bosnian government could not have come at a worse time for beleaguered Bosnia — which is why it can have nothing to do with Lord Death's peevishness at President Izetbegovic's reluctance to dismember Bosnia into a trio of ethnic Bantustans.

However, people in the Bihac region in north west Bosnia report that Owen and the UN forces there have been supporting the mutinous Abdic, whose strength depends on smuggling arrangements with the local Serb and Croat forces.

They point out that previously only one leader from each of the three groups was called to the Geneva peace talks, but that in July Lord Death invited the whole collective presidency of the republic, including Abdic.

Having split the Labour party, the Alliance, the Social Democratic Party, and then tried to split Bosnia into three, one can only admire the consistency of a man who wants to split one of those three parts into two competing enclaves.



THE ROAD LOBBY (2)

BRITAIN should be exceedingly embarrassed when the Channel tunnel opens next year.

Between Paris and the French coast, passenger trains will zoom over new track at 186.5 mph. As soon as they arrive in England they will use ancient routes packed with Network SouthEast commuter trains. They will have to cut their speed to 100mph up to Sevenoaks, and then crawl into a London terminal which is badly sited for anyone wishing to travel to other parts of our blessed land.

This will not help the TGV-style trains compete with air travel, which the high-speed TGV (*train de grande vitesse*) does in France; and it will put a brake on full patronage of the tunnel.

The big difference between French and British transport policies is the influence of the road lobby on British politicians. The constant hammering of the lobby, mainly through the British Roads Federation, has resulted in a spectacular imbalance between road and rail investment.

Readers will find this week's selection from the British Roads Federation's membership list (as at 31 December 1992) particularly curious: Eurotunnel.

WHEN Eurotunnel announced that it needs *another* £1 billion from its shareholders, taking its costs to £10 billion, only those who have swallowed the Eurotunnel propaganda were surprised.

It probably means the debt can never be paid off and that the Channel tunnel will become another "Humber Bridge", the running costs and interest on the debt being greater than the income from its tolls.

No, this will *not* happen, says Eurotunnel chairman Sir Alistair Morton as he tries to encourage investors to throw good money after bad. But why not? Because, he says, while there would be lower yields from fares at first, the outlook would change with "the inevitable rationalisation of ferry capacity".

This is a not very subtle way of saying that the tunnel will charge comparatively little at the outset in the hope of smashing some of the ferry companies. When they are out of business and demand outstrips the number of crossings available, Eurotunnel will then jack up its prices and recoup from travellers who are left with no choice. Such is the strategy of the would-be Monopoly player.

JOHN KENT PRESENTS
JOHN MAJOR'S SENSATIONAL BIG TOP
CIRCUS & MENAGERIE
THE CON ARTISTS
AFTER 14 YEARS OF RISING CRIME THE CULPRITS ARE STILL FREE!
!
ARREST THE TORY PARTY!

Grovel

POOR old John Major is so sensitive to criticism in the press he has started imagining it.

Sir Richard Body, the Tory backbencher whom the prime minister described as "a loony", was taken aback to find himself grabbed in the Commons by Mr Major. "You called me a fool," the PM accused.

"I don't think I did," replied Body, thinking hard.

"Yes you did. In the *FT*," insisted Major, who then stormed off.

When Body found the offending article in the *FT* he realised that he had merely said that if the prime minister were to take a certain course of action, "then he would be a fool".

Paranoid? Major? Certainly seems so.

TO THE opening night of David Hare's new play *The Complete Absence of Talent* [*Shurely "The Absence of War"? Ed.*], where I run into Hare's fellow socialist firebrand and scribe, Roy Hattersley.

Hatters has been commissioned by *The Daily Telegraph* to review the play, so I a little surprised to see him deep in conversation with the opposition: Stewart Steven, editor of the London *Evening Standard*.

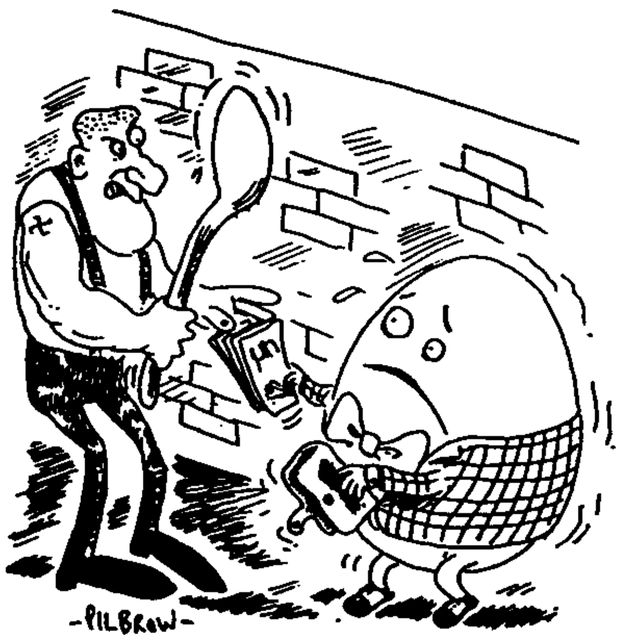
The conversation evidently went well, for the next day Steven ordered a features minion, Sarah Sands, to get Roy to write the play up for the *Standard* instead.

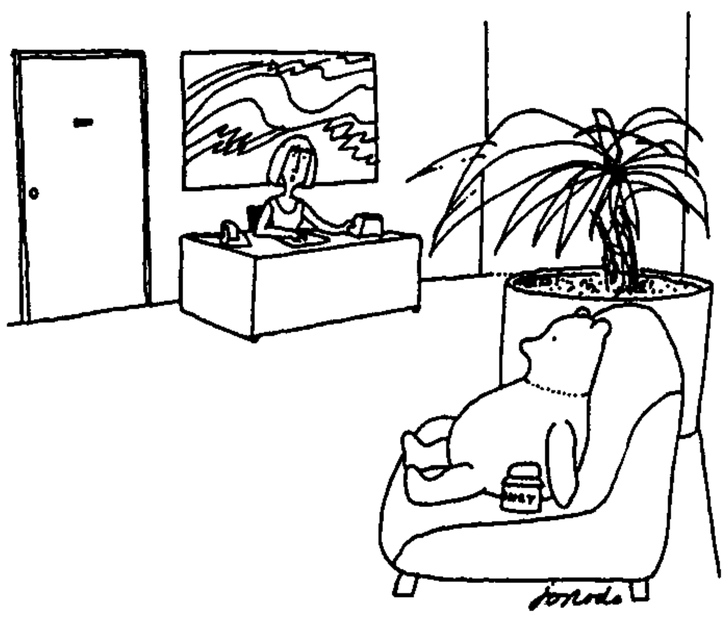
When la Sands rang Hattersley's house, however, the telephone was answered by a woman who assured Sands that Hattersley could not possibly have been at the theatre. "No, he wasn't there, he's been working very hard in Brighton at the Labour conference," the unnamed lady explained. "He's taking me to the play next week."

When Sands finally managed to speak to Roy himself, he confirmed that he had indeed seen *The Absence of War* — and would be happy to renege on his deal with the *Torygraph* in return for a modest fee of £1,500, which was duly paid.

Those of us who have read Roy's book *Choose Freedom: The Future for Democratic Socialism* will recall the passage in which he argues that some form of incomes policy is essential to "provide an acceptable pattern of income allocation". Otherwise, he explains, we are left with free collective bargaining, which "gives most to the strong and least to the weak".

When it comes to his own income allocation, however, Roy seems to find individual pay bargaining the best policy.





"C.R. will see you now"

● *FOLLOWING his famous libel victory against Nikolai Tolstoy and Nigel Watts a few years ago, my friend Lord Aldington agreed to record an interview about the case with the Imperial War Museum. The tape has been lodged in the museum's archives ever since.*

Now, however, as Tolstoy prepares to apply for a retrial, his lordship seems to be getting jittery. He has decreed that the tapes and transcripts of his interview must not be made available to anyone. "Both Mr Watts and Count Tolstoy, the unsuccessful defendants of my libel action, are busy attacking me in the courts and in the newspapers," Aldington explains in a letter to the keeper of the department of sound recordings at the museum. "I do not want to complicate affairs by having on record for the public any statements different from those I made on oath in the courts."

What can he mean?

AMBLING through Fulham, I am arrested by a fearsome sight: Bruce "Brute" Anderson, the burly and bibulous biographer of John Major, standing in the street brandishing a shotgun.

It turns out that he has come to the aid of a neighbour of his, a pregnant woman who has been distressed by the constant ringing of a nearby burglar alarm. Borrowing a firearm from her house, the gallant Anderson takes aim at the alarm, pulls the trigger — and scores a direct hit.

I feel sure Mr Major would be proud of him.

HOW THEY ARE RELATED

I AM DELIGHTED that the daughters of Barry Norman, TV's Mr Cinema, have found gainful employment.

Leafing through the *Daily Mirror*, I note that its weekly column of movie gossip, "Behind the Screen", is written by one Samantha Norman; while the paper's film reviews are by Emma Norman.

David Banks, editor of the staunchly "socialist" *Daily Mirror*, is clearly a firm believer in the hereditary principle.

IT WAS a sad day for European royalty when King Baudouin was buried in Belgium earlier this summer — but it was an even sadder day for the United Nations' man there thanks to Mrs Boutros Boutros-Ghali, wife of the UN's esteemed secretary-general.

Mrs Boo Boo, attending on behalf of 'im indoors, was very peeved not to be treated like a head of state. When she complained to the local UN rep, he told her that as she was *not* a head of state, a royal or whatever, there was nothing to be done about her second row seat at the ceremony, nor the lack of invitations to the big festivities. On her return she had the chap removed.

Pip Pip!

Pseuds Corner

New Age Travellers: Heterotropic Spaces and Heteroclite Identities by Kevin Hetherington, Dept of Sociology, University of Keele.

Hull Univ. Dept of Sociology & Anthropology Seminar

As a motif, the bollard is richly resonant. Both phallic and cosh-like, it is a divisive barrier that segregates working-class subjects from a middle-class photographer and his patrons. More subliminally, it presages the encroachment of a representative patriarchal society on to a footloose and fancy-free community.

JAMES HALL (on Bill Brandt)
Guardian

With their obliquely accumulating annotations these poem-essays are not as satisfying as the elliptical episodes of autobiography. It would be inappropriate to end with a niggle, however. It is probably impossible to produce poetry of this quality that is tuned more precisely to the timbre of the present than Michael Hoffman's. Rapture is the only adequate response.

GEOFF DYER
Guardian

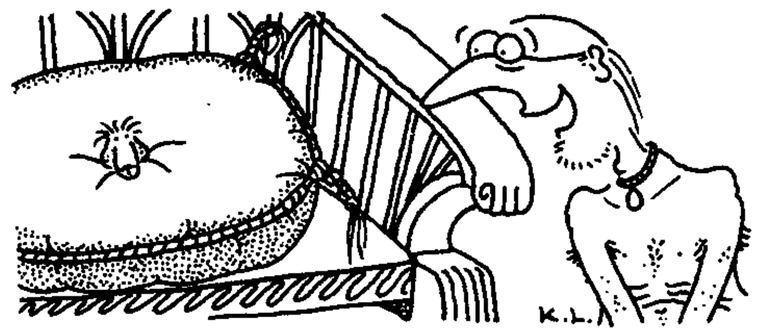
Joseph Heller, in his great satirical novel, Catch 22, invented the "Lepage gun". This bizarre weapon could "glue an entire formation of planes together in mid-air". This, for me, is a condition devoutly to be desired. In terms of motorways, the "Lepage-gun effect" is observed when, toddling along at around 65 in the middle lane, you suddenly become aware that all the other vehicles around you are static in relation to one another. At that moment you cannot be certain whether you are hurtling forward, or, if on the contrary, the great grass and concrete trough of the motorway is being reeled back behind you like an enormous piece of machinery. When I first experienced this, it was a profound epiphany. I was inside a synecdoche of society itself — a perfect figure of modern alienation.

WILL SELF
The Times

Penis Exercise

Put a cushion or chair in front of you. Imagine that on that cushion or chair is sitting your penis. Talk to it. Make a statement, or ask a question, or make a demand, anything at all which occurs to you. Carry on talking to your penis until you have said everything you want to say.

Then when you have come to an end, switch over, sit on the cushion or the other chair, and be



your penis, which by some miracle can talk back to you. What do you say as your penis? Carry on talking back and forth until you have said every-thing you want to say on both sides. You have about ten minutes for this. When you have finished, find one or two other men and talk to them about what you have discovered. (Allow ten minutes for this.)

Achilles Heel

After 10 years of riot, revolution and excess, *Vanity Fair* is the most talked-about and imitated magazine in the world. This bound edition of the 10th anniversary issue goes to you with my thanks for your support and contribution to the magazine.

E. GRAYDON CARTER
Vanity Fair

CONTRIBUTORS: R. Smith, D. Judd, J. Marshall, B. O'Keefe, A. Rock, L. Gnome.

£10 paid for entries

NOOKS and CORNERS

AS LADY Thatcher insisted: "There is no such thing as society." So privatise, privatise, privatise — and never mind the public interest, which is secondary to making money for this government and its supporters.

Nor is it just such things as railways they want to sell off. Jocelyn de Stevens, CVO, would love to privatise lots of boring old ancient monuments, if he could, and he has helped in the disposal of an historic building which was saved *twice* for the nation by public subscription and which belonged to Londoners.

This is Crosby Hall, and its treatment is a moral scandal of the first order. But not, perhaps, surprising.

Crosby Hall once stood just off Bishopsgate in the City and was the great hall of Sir John Crosby's house, built in 1466-70. In 1831 it was threatened with demolition but saved by the exertions of a neighbour, Miss Hackett. In 1836-42 it was bought and restored *by public subscription* and opened to the public for various functions.

Unfortunately, the freehold was not purchased; so when the valuable site was bought by the Chartered Bank of India in 1908, it was threatened again. Public outcry made the bank carefully take down and number the stones and timber parts which could be salvaged, which were then handed over to the then London county council.

What was to be done with them? Gordon Selfridge seriously proposed rebuilding Crosby Hall on the roof of his department store; but in the event Patrick Geddes succeeded in bringing it to the Chelsea Embankment as part of a student hostel — arguing that Sir Thomas More's old garden was an appropriate location as he had once owned Crosby Place.

The site was owned by the LCC, which leased it to the University and City Association of London on condition that the hall was re-erected on it. This was done in 1909-1910 by that good man, the architect Walter Godfrey. In 1925-26 Godfrey added a wing — paid for by an *international subscription* — when Crosby Hall was taken on a 500-year lease by the British Federation of University Women. Under a clause in the lease, public access to the hall was guaranteed during much of the week.

So much is history: but so what when money is to be made? The site of Crosby Hall was inherited by the Greater London Council and so became an asset to be stripped when our capital's government was destroyed by Thatch. So it was sold by that sinister and unaccountable government auctioneer, the London Residuary Body, to a Mr Christopher Moran, one of the hard faced men who did well out of the 1980s.

Mr Moran likes the idea of living in a medieval hall — he claims to have a collection of "medieval furniture" (whatever that may be) — so he got rid of the lessee, the wretched University Women, by threatening them with expensive dilapidations and now wants to make Crosby Hall into a huge vulgar home for himself and his lady wife. This will be achieved by converting Godfrey's hostel wing and by adding a neo-Tudor range with a massive new dining hall — for "medieval banquets", no doubt.

As you might suppose, local residents and the Chelsea Society are up in arms about this, but English Heritage, thanks to its egregious chairman, has sold the pass. Mr Moran put in a planning application for his £25 million development which will enclose — and hide — Crosby Hall itself. This was thrown out by Kensington & Chelsea council. But someone like Moran naturally has friends in such a well-heeled borough and he was led to believe that a second application — with the height of his dining hall reduced from 30 to 23 feet — might be more favourably regarded by the councillors if he withdrew his appeal against the first refusal.

So Mr Moran now has his planning consent. It was a close-run thing, decided by the chairman's casting vote. But now the *Chelsea News* reports that one obliging councillor, John Corbett Singleton, failed to declare an interest — which was that he was chairman of the Chelsea Conservative Association which has been promised the use of Crosby Hall by Mr Moran for a social event. Had Mr Singleton not voted in favour of Moran's scheme, the vote might well have gone the other way. This "serious misconduct" is now being referred to the ombudsman.

But this is not the real scandal. Nor is the fact that Moran wants to build along the Embankment, for Walter Godfrey always wanted to make Crosby Hall part of a complete collegiate quadrangle. The scandal is the odious behaviour of the London Residuary Body.

Because the freehold of Crosby Hall was originally owned by the LCC — that is, by the elected government of London — the guarantees of public access were incorporated in the lease of the building. These guarantees should have been written as clauses in the sale of the freehold to Mr Moran, or whoever. But no: the residuary body chose to dispose of Crosby Hall with no restrictions whatever. Nothing must impede privatisation.

Such are the problems created by England's leasehold system of land tenure. Such is the incompetence of lawyers acting for the government. Such is the cynicism of the London Residuary Body — happy to dispose of a medieval hall that *belonged to London* having been twice rescued by public campaigns.

In whose interest does this residuary body act? Certainly not in that of the people of London.

'Piloti'

ENERGY NEWS

BRITISH COAL, which ought to change its name to Foreign Coal, is doing all it can to make sure it still has a big business to run after privatisation.

Closing most of the UK's remaining coal mines doesn't matter: British Coal will stay big by importing foreign coal. That, according to one of the most prominent coal industry experts, is the strategy that now motivates it.

British Coal admits it is importing coal through Liverpool and the Isle of Grain on the Thames, and it has plans for further imports through Hartlepool and Avonmouth, with Immingham or Teesside to follow. This helps chairman Neil Clarke remain philosophical about the destruction of the home industry.

Clarke is not the only one keeping foreign coal miners in work. PowerGen imports coal through Kingsnorth in Kent and has built a new facility in Gladstone Dock in Liverpool with a handling capacity of five million tonnes. National Power has a large stake in the Bristol Port Company, which has just started using its new bulk terminal. The first three shipments have brought in 100,000 tonnes. (One of the Bristol directors is Sir Marcus Fox, chairman of the 1922 committee. He can presumably be relied on to whip up enthusiasm among Tory backbenchers for shutting down the UK coal industry which, incidentally, would be good for his business.)

The imports add to Britain's appalling trade gap, but the government doesn't believe in interfering with the market. What could it do?

It could order the electricity regulator, Professor Stephen Littlechild, to insist that gas goes through the same system as coal and is sold through the "pool". One industry expert said: "The gas stations have signed 15-year long-term contracts with the regional electricity companies who have invested in all the gas stations. So they are buying gas direct from their own projects. But all that the government has been concerned about is getting its own MPs to fall into line. They did and it has lost interest in coal."

All that can save the British coal industry now is for rebel Tory MPs to rediscover their courage...

WHEN British Nuclear Fuels sought an "independent" financial analysis of Thorp, its absurd reprocessing plant in Sellafield, it chose the accountants Touche Ross.

This had nothing to do with the fact that senior Touche Ross partner John Roques also happens to be a non-executive director of BNFL. And to claim that the accountants' report is the City equivalent of the police investigating the police would be very unfair.

Nevertheless, were BFNL quoted on the stock exchange, such a chummy little arrangement would raise eyebrows on the chartered accountants' joint ethical committee. The new Cadbury rules on corporate governance, which the committee supports, state that non-executive directors (who normally have outside interests) "should be free from any business or other relationship which could materially interfere with the exercise of their independent judgment".

SO WAVE energy is finally coming to fruition, albeit modestly, with a plan to build the world's first wave power station in the open sea off Dounreay.

No one should thank the British government, however.

The backing comes from Brussels, and Tim Eggar, our energy minister, has shown little interest in renewable energy. As a former director of Chartered Petroleum he prefers oil, the great pollutant, and has just been to Algeria with a bunch of commercial oil and gas salesmen from firms like BP and British Gas to drum up business.

"Wow! Robin of Westwood!"

TV EYE

The Big Story

(Carlton)

Good morning. This large and sinister building behind me is the nerve centre of Carlton Television, a mysterious organisation established early this year with the declared aim of giving "fun" to the British public. But just how much "fun" has it turned out to be? In today's dramatic and disturbing column, TV Eye asks just what is going on in the dark and brooding HQ behind me as I speak, and whether, given the company's track record , there is a case for revoking its licence. Those are the questions we ask in today's shocking and challenging edition of TV Eye — "Cardboard Carlton".

OR SUCH is the kind of intro it would be necessary to attempt if this were an edition of Carlton's "current affairs" series, The Big Story.

The new gurus of British TV frequently use the word "supermarket" to describe the new viewing environment, and the image is certainly fitting to the desperate way that programmes in once serious genres are now "sold up", boasting of their new improved flavour and unusual ingredients.

Square Eyes has previously used the phrase "fricasseed turkey" to describe BBC2's approach to doing clever things with old or bad material. Carlton's approach to the tradition of ITV current affairs it inherited (*World in Action*, *This Week*) might be called "chocolate smoked salmon": the coarsening and sweetening of a prime product in the vain hope of appealing to people (now known as "market segments") who thought the original was too posh.

As part of its search for an audience, *The Big Story* has narrowed the gap between documentary current affairs, the investigative shows which have previously been the staple of the mid-evening ITV slots in this genre, and studio current affairs — or what the Americans call "shout shows".

Last week, for example, the second half of *The Big Story*, which claimed to be investigating the Kray brothers, consisted of John McVicar and Teddy Taylor arguing about prison policy in what looked like an off-cut from *Kilroy*. Only telly sentimentalists pretend that *The Big Story*'s Thames predecessor, *This Week*, reached the level of its famous "Death on the Rock" with any regularity. But the nearest *The Big Story* would ever have come to investigating the Gibraltar killings would have been an item on how the incident affected the Barbary Apes.

"Today, the economy. Is it sick as a parrot or over the moon?"

Typical of the show's terrible unease with both its general brief and its material in any given week is the attempt to make every shot unusual or interesting. In an internal *Big Story* memo leaked to the TV critic of the *Indescribablyboring* last week, directors were instructed to "find ways of making Dermot [Murnaghan, the show's host] look more interesting."

The show bears the marks of this desperate quest. There is a popular children's picture book series called "Where's Wally?", in which the young reader must find a recurring figure in a series of large pictures. The directors of *The Big Story* play a variation of this game with Dermot.

The camera tracks along a café counter, prowling past the boiled hams and the stacked baps and the cappuccino machines. Where's Wally, sorry, Dermot? Oh there he is, at a café table. "In their heyday," he says, "the Krays used to hold court every morning here — they used to sit at this very table..."

Now the camera is tracking down yards of dark panelled wood, passing a crest. We can hear a voice but, hey kids, where's Dermot? Oh, here he is, sitting at a magistrate's bench, to deliver the section of the script about sentencing. The final "debate" — with Taylor and McVicar joined by Charlie Kray, the free brother — was staged live in the Blind Beggar pub where the brothers' most famous murder took place, with a penumbra of pneumatic blondes above the speakers' heads. Dermot must only have been glad that the Krays didn't throw their victims in the Thames, or he would have faced a chilly afternoon's filming.

The vox pops — another of the show's pull-em-in tricks — were admittedly hugely funny on this occasion, with gnarled East End characters opining that Reggie and Ron were "like — wossisname — Robin Hood. They 'elped people..."

But a current affairs documentary benefits from either a single viewpoint, or two opposing sides coherently and lengthily expressed. Putting the videocam outside Safeways for a while is not the same as research. And if you have to play "Where's Dermot?" with the presenter, you have a show that doesn't believe in itself — or a management that doesn't believe in the show.

Either way, Carlton, now in its 10th month of broadcasting, has so far failed to produce a single successful show [honourable exception: *Cracker*]. Now there's a big story for someone.

'Square Eyes'

MEDIA NEWS

THE NEW Channel 4 series by Rory Bremner is all very jolly, but its funniest item has been left on the cutting room floor.

Just before the Tory party conference, using his famous "John Major" voice, the cheeky comedian rang up various backbench "bastards" — including John Carlisle and Ann and Nicholas Winterton — pretending to be the PM.

All, needless, to say, rolled over and waved their legs in the air, assuring "Major" that they were fully behind him. Sir Richard Body, the MP whom Major called "barmy", did not even seem surprised when the prime minister asked if he would be his dancing partner at the conference ball.

But when John Carlisle mentioned the call to his fellow Luton MP Graham Bright, alarm bells began to ring. Bright is Major's PPS, and he was certain the PM hadn't rung Carlisle. Within minutes, a full security alert had been sounded in Whitehall. Cabinet secretary Sir Robin Butler had to cancel his weekend leave, and special branch officers set off on the trail of the culprit. If the IRA had trained somebody to impersonate John Major convincingly, who knows what mayhem could be caused?

As soon as they learned that Inspector Knacker was on their tail, Bremner and his colleagues panicked. They hastily despatched letters to the MPs, disingenuously claiming that they had never intended to use the phone stunt on the programme: "I stress this was done with the absolute intention of seeing whether Rory's impressions would stand up to close scrutiny and was never intended to deceive... I hope that you'll take the whole matter in the spirit it was intended and in the best traditions of British good humour."

Alas, few Tories have much of a sense of humour. Inspector Knacker is now considering whether to crack down on this latest example of crime by irresponsible young men.

THE makers of *Emmerdale*, the Yorkshire TV soap that works up no lather, are desperately out of touch with rural life.

While "uneconomic" sub-post offices and village stores close by the dozen, YTV's fictional village of Beckindale has just acquired... a brand new post office.

"Every village has one, so shall Beckindale," declared the brains behind the programme.

RECYCLING NEWS

A RECENT column by Alan Coren in *The Times* — a jokey piece about souvenirs — seemed strangely familiar to at least one reader. And no wonder: it was copied verbatim from a column Coren wrote in *Punch* in the early 1970s, which also appeared in his book *The Sanity Inspector* (1974).

In his *Sunday Express* column earlier this year, Coren wrote a spoof version of *Gardeners' Question Time* — which was almost identical (only the names had been changed) to a piece he wrote in *Punch* more than 10 years earlier, which had also been published in his book *The Cricklewood Diet* (1982).

CORPORATION STREET W.12
An everyday story of Broadcasting Folk
THATCHER WANTED ADVERTISING ON THE BBC...
TELEVISION CENTRE
BUT THAT WOULD HAVE DESTROYED THE INTEGRITY OF THE BBC...
SO WE STOOD UP TO HER...
THE ROVER'S RETURN
BAR
AND SHE WON"
"Trebles and Shame all round!"
SCOTCH 12 YEAR OLD
REITH
BBC Festival of Thatcher Years to plug her book
Ken Pyne

SPARTS & BEARDS

THE ATTEMPT by former Tory MP Derek Coombs to buy the *New Statesman* has not met with universal approval from staff of the left-wing organ. But one person who is very keen on the idea is chairman of the board Duncan "Dunky" Campbell.

As well he might be: under the deal, Dunky's own shares in the company, which had hitherto seemed almost worthless, are to be bought by Coombs at twice the price that Dunky paid for them. No wonder Campbell has taken such trouble to ensure that the sale goes through. Earlier this month, he unilaterally spiked an article by the mag's editor, Steve Platt, which cast doubt on the wisdom of allowing a Tory to own a socialist magazine.

This left one remaining problem: the mag's "preference shareholders", who have a power of veto, were none too enthusiastic about Coombs's offer. Dunky's solution was simple. This Thursday, he and his chums called an extraordinary meeting of the board to push through a change to the articles of association, enabling Dunky and his fellow directors to ignore the wishes of preference shareholders if they feel "that it would be in the interests of the company to do so".

Ironically, the system of preference shareholders was set up years ago for the very purpose of stopping anyone unsuitable from being able to buy the magazine. But nothing, it seems, must be allowed to prevent Dunky from seizing his chance to make a fast buck.

NOTICE BORES

THE DAVID HARE TRILOGY
(National, Olivier)

"... not only offers a vigorous, bracing, provocative portrait of modern Britain, but also a coherent vision."
Michael Billington, Guardian

"Hey Dave, what about telling us a story?"
Louise Doughty, Mail on Sunday

THE ABSENCE OF WAR
Part III of David Hare Trilogy
(National, Olivier)

"... the subject is fascinating, the ideas powerfully expressed..."
Charles Spencer, Daily Telegraph

"... there is more solid characterisation, political insight and wit in a half-hour episode of *Yes Minister*."
Clive Hirschhorn, Sunday Express

ON THE RAILWAYS

MORE ABOUT Peter Borer of British Rail Telecommunications who left BR in such mysterious circumstances.

Apparently Borer was kept sitting in his office for a month after having a row with Bob Reid on 9 September. Reid went on holiday without giving Borer an official dismissal notice, and the rest of the BR board couldn't act while Reid was away,

Borer's departure is the latest in a line of top BR executives being sidelined or simply clearing out. Cris Green, managing director of Network South East, turned down the offer of a job as group director in charge of the northern region and has gone off on his own choice to head ScotRail. He replaces Cyril Bleasdale, who is almost certain to leave the railway. Dr John Prideaux is also going, after being replaced as md of Union Railways, in charge of the Channel tunnel.

Most BR board members feel privatisation is likely to collapse and that the present policy of selling off everything half profitable before the collapse seems ridiculous.

ROTTEN BOROUGHS

CASTLE POINT

CASTLE Point council is keeping quiet about the identity and number of bidders for its Hart Road caravan park at Thundersley, Essex.

The closing date for sealed bids was Friday 24 September. They were opened the following Wednesday — the day after Tory councillors had voted unanimously in a secret meeting to refuse residents on the mobile homes' site a four-week extension to form their own bid.

The council is selling off assets to try to reduce a £2.3 million deficit, caused by a string of alleged accounting errors. Borough solicitor Alison Henwood said: "The names and number of the bids is exempt information. In due course an announcement will be made but I cannot say when. The chief executive Barry Rollinson and I have discussed this. I don't think the companies that have put in bids would be pleased to see their details in the press."

However, one of the bidders *is* known: millionaire businessman Terry Holding: the same Terry Holding who helped the cash-strapped council by buying it a £10,000 silver mace in February 1992 when the district became a borough.

At the end of last month Holding took a handful of Tory councillors and Castle Point's chief executive solicitor Barry Rollinson for a trip on his luxury yacht. They were collected from the council's palatial offices and driven to Tilbury docks. Among the councillors known to have gone are Malcolm Hume, Peter Wood, Jack King and Ray Howard. During the cruise the free champagne flowed like, well, free champagne.

Hume, chairman of the housing committee, said: "We had a relaxing day out away from the rigours of council business. It was a lovely day and we didn't talk about council business at all. But I must say it would be embarrassing if Mr Holding turned out to be the successful bidder for the Hart Road site."

TOWER HAMLETS

THOUGH cash-strapped Tower Hamlets can't afford to provide many popular services or properly house thousands of its poorer denizens, it *can* afford to make secret six-figure loans to help its own staff find somewhere decent to live.

Two embarrassing letters, written by Labour councillor Phil Maxwell, have found their way to the *Eye*. They ask the borough's finance general manager, Tom Herbert, to explain the "sudden departure" of the borough's former treasurer, Pradeep Chand.

"Is it not in fact the case that controversy surrounds Mr Pradeep Chand's expenses claim?" asks Maxwell, and that "Mr Chand received a £15,000 loan from the council?" A few hours later, in possession of more information, an astonished Maxwell sent Herbert a second note. "I have now been advised that Mr Chand was in fact loaned £150,000 not £15,000!"

The "bridging" loan of £150,000 to help its then treasurer, Mr Chand, would have remained secret but for Vincent Hanna, himself fairly expensive (see *Eyes passim*) and recently hired by the council.

Fresh from helping Birmingham improve its dire image (gosh he did well, didn't he?), Hanna was asked by Tower Hamlets to examine the quality of its services and management.

To be fair, the world's greatest living journalist soon uncovered details of the loan and discovered that the council had forgotten to ask Chand to return the cash. The money is now back in council coffers while Chand recovers from the ordeal. He quit the authority on health grounds. Don't they always?

MURKEYSIDE

ANOTHER nail was driven into the coffin of Operation Cheetah, the investigation into local government corruption on Murkeyside, when Tony Beyga and two co-defendants were cleared of charges of conspiracy to defraud and commit forgery.

The case received none of the publicity that accompanied the trial and acquittal of Derek Hatton, Beyga's buddy and occasional business associate. But it amounted to the same thing: yet another smack in the gob for Det Supt "Buffalo" Bill Coady, head of Cheetah.

Coady continues to put on a brave face, saying the investigation "is still ongoing". But the crown prosecution service (CPS), which has been poring over the papers for the past six months, is unlikely to agree to fresh prosecutions given the success rate so far.

The taxpayer has still to learn the cost of Cheetah, but it is sure to amount to several million pounds — a big price to pay simply to learn that *altruism* is what motivates town hall politicians.

BIRMINGHAM

THE departure of Sir "Dick" Knowles as Birmingham council leader sparked fisticuffs between former minions as the battle to replace him raged.

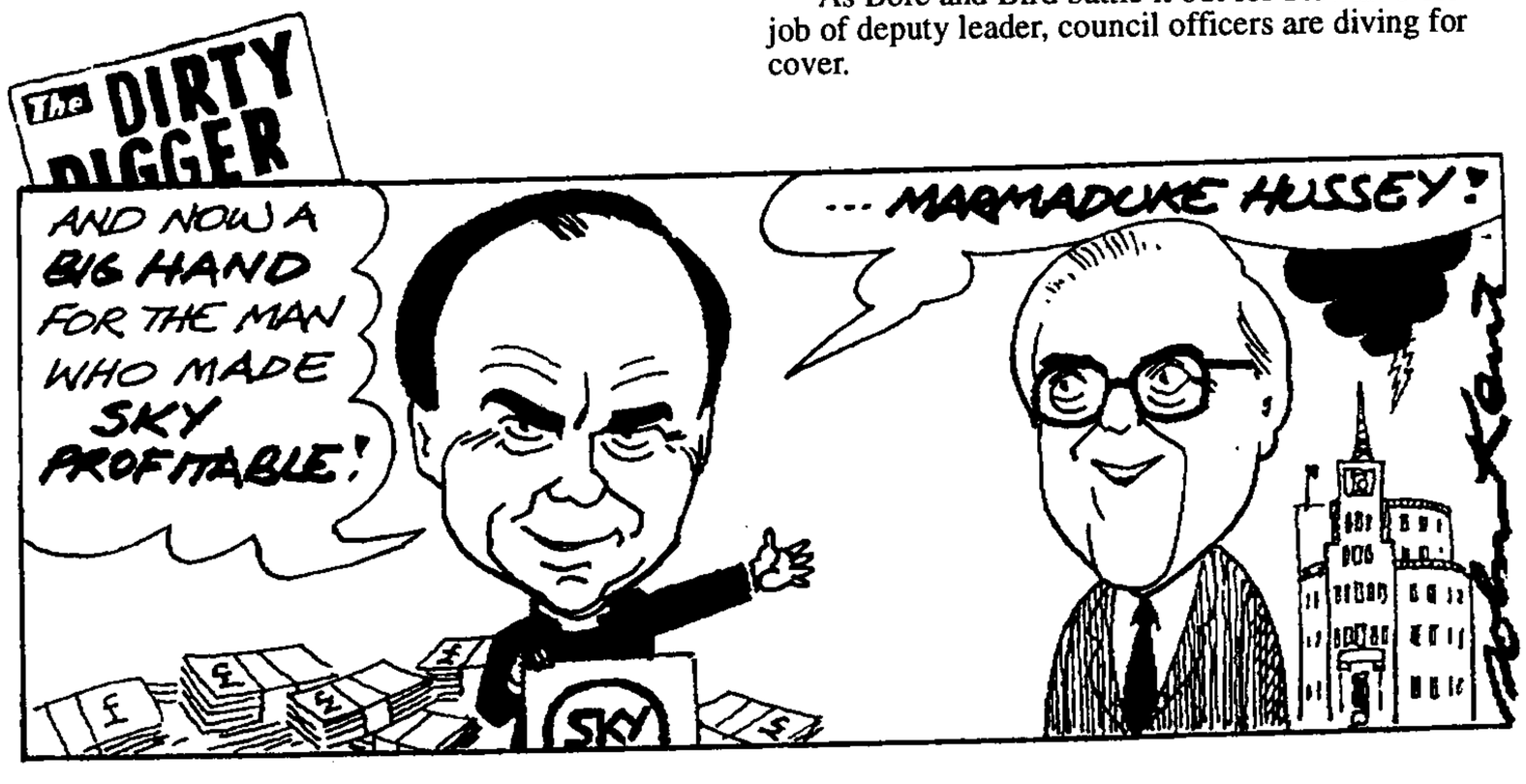
A senior council officer, Damian Dewhirst, is off work after a senior councillor laid into him; but his silence has effectively been bought by promises to "see him right" — almost certainly at taxpayers' expense.

"Dick's" would-be successors — Albert Bore, Bryan Bird and left-winger Theresa Stewart — had been jostling for months before the official announcement. As the day to elect a replacement drew near, it all became too much.

Dewhirst was summoned to Bird's office and subjected to a furious interrogation from Bird and his supporter Martin Brooks. He was accused of whipping up support for Bore. Shortly afterwards he was hurled across a room and slammed into a wall by a councillor whom he refuses to identify publicly.

Bird and Bore's behaviour during the campaign had in any case made them unelectable. Bore's campaign was scotched when three of his supporters — Sir Stan Yapp, Bhagat Singh and Abdul Malik — deserted him the night before the election. As almost no one could bring themselves to vote for the oleaginous Bird, Stewart was in.

As Bore and Bird battle it out for Stewart's old job of deputy leader, council officers are diving for cover.



DOING THE ROUNDS

IN APRIL Dr Kenneth Calman, the chief medical officer, described his committee's proposals to restructure hospital specialist training as "a once in a lifetime opportunity which the profession should grasp without delay".

The proposals included the abolition of the archaic ritual of accreditation by the royal colleges, and its replacement by a more egalitarian system of specialist certification awarded by the general medical council (GMC).

The GMC was also asked to form a working party as a matter of urgency to improve hospital training and to submit positive proposals by the end of 1993, which the full council would consider by mid-1994. Professor David Shaw, chairman of the GMC's education committee, has responded at the speed of a glacier. Five months later, his committee has not even met once, and GMC president Sir Robert Kilpatrick claims he will not be able to draft proposals until the end of 1995.

● THE government's 1.5 percent public sector pay limit is not holding back the thrusting breed of NHS trust managers. The **United Leeds teaching hospitals trust** has just given a 5 percent rise to chief executive Stuart Ingham — taking his wad from £79,000 to £83,000 a year. This is the same Mr Ingham who sacked whistleblowing biochemist Dr Chris Chapman the day before his 50th birthday — to "save the NHS money" by denying the doctor his pension rights (see *Eyes passim*).

● THE number of hospitals guilty of providing preferential treatment to patients of GP fundholders continues to rise. **Watford general**; **South Warwickshire general**; the **Royal National Ear, Nose and Throat hospital**, **Ealing hospital** and **University College** and **Middlesex hospitals** in **London**; **Derby district general**; **Birmingham's Queen Elizabeth**, **Selly Oak** and **Good Hope hospitals**; **Stoke Mandeville hospital**; **East Surrey NHS trust**; and **Bristol's Southmead NHS trust** to name but a few.

The practice is so widespread that managers, such as the chief executive of **Suffolk health authority**, openly admit to it. Robert S. Angel, director of marketing at **Luton and Dunstable NHS trust**, sent a memo on 21 September to doctors stating: "It is of vital importance that GP fundholder patients are dealt with as a matter of priority." Two years ago the joint consultants committee received assurances from the

"Let me through! I'm a health service manager responsible for budgetary control"

department of health that patients would be treated "on the basis of clinical need".

● A PATIENT was recently seen at the eye department of **Portsmouth's Queen Alexandra hospital** and put on a 10-month waiting list for non-urgent cataract surgery. Not happy with this, she complained to Portsmouth health commission, which arranged for the operation to be performed at **Guildford's Royal Surrey county trust** in two weeks, which is even faster than *urgent* cases are treated in Portsmouth or Guildford. It also compares favourably with the 15-month wait inhabitants of Guildford have to endure for non-urgent cataract surgery. Elsewhere, **Warrington NHS trust hospital** plans to raise money by offering private treatment to 15 patients a month from **St Petersburg (Russia)**.

● IN **LONDON**, 2,000 jobs and almost as many beds are to be lost from **Guy's** and **St Thomas's hospitals** as part of the government's reforms of the capital's health provision. The **Royal Marsden hospital** is also set to close despite the pledges of 44 **Surrey** fundholding GPs to refer their cancer patients to it. The Marsden is now spreading its debt among its nurses, whose rent is to be increased from £200 to £525 per month. Those unable to pay have been reassured by Alistair McDougal, the director of operational services: "Something will be done to help them, though I'm not sure what."

● MANAGERS at the £1.4 million indebted **Scunthorpe and Goole hospitals trust** have offered voluntary redundancy or early retirement to all staff members. They have also closed a day surgery ward completely, and a children's ward at weekends. "I cannot rule out compulsory redundancies," said Paul Clark, director of corporate development. Management costs have increased by £100,000 a year since trust status was achieved.

● MANAGERS at **Manchester Royal Infirmary** have put a block on new referrals to the physiotherapy department because of lack of resources. The MRI is also without a senior infection control nurse and is not accepting referrals to this department. The children's ward (Norcot) at **Reading's Battle hospital** is soon to close, with services being transferred to the **Royal Berks**.

● THE recent amalgamation of **Plymouth** and **Torbay health authorities** left two directors of public health fighting for one job. Hot favourite, the well respected Dr Noel Olson from Plymouth, was not offered this post. This is surely not because of his public suggestion that if Mrs Bottomley did not support the EEC ban on tobacco advertising, she should resign.

● MANAGERS at the **Northumbria Ambulance Service trust (NAS)** have come up with some novel "income generation schemes", which in just four months have lost £83,078. The trust's plight has not been helped by the purchase of personalised number plates for emergency vehicles costing £240. In June, two senior staff took a trip to Florida *after* it had been agreed to buy six ambulances from a Florida-based company.

NAS chief executive Laurie Caple has himself been so busy he forgot to get the accounts checked by an independent auditor. Mr Caple has recently become a member of the NHSME's corporate governance task force, which aims to "rediscover the merits of good public service values and administration in conducting NHS business."

● THE **NHS management executive (NHSME)** has teamed up with **Leeds Healthcare** to create a new post: director of the NHS ethnic health unit. The successful applicant will be "a highly motivated self starter who will set up and lead a small, dynamic new team to assist the NHS to serve people from black and ethnic communities more effectively"... for £40,000 a year plus perks. Informal inquiries to Amy Nicholas on 0532 545967.

NHSME has also been busy compiling "the A-Z guide to quality in the NHS" which contains 370 exciting examples of quality initiatives: 25,000 full-colour copies, costing £15 a piece, are to be widely disseminated in the next few weeks. As Mrs Bottomley put it: "The issue is to get a balance between looking like another dense volume and something people will look at." On a more modest scale, **North Tees health authority** has spent £10,000 distributing unrecyclable photographs of its senior managers to every GP in the district.

M.D.

TUC NEWS

BROTHER unions owed thousands of pounds by the building workers' union Ucatt now realise the chance of getting their money back is slim.

Leader George Brumwell has belatedly filed reports and accounts to the trade union certification officer admitting that it is £2.2 million in the red. Closer inspection, however, reveals that properties have been "revalued" to give the union another £500,000. This is remarkable financial genius given that everyone else's property has dropped in value during the recession.

A similar sum has been discovered in the coffers of the branches and entered in the accounts as belonging to Ucatt. This is a typical financial fantasy enjoyed by many union HQs, because regional officials have a habit of spending the money whenever it is demanded by head office.

Ucatt in other words is more than £3 million in the red and, according to one official, spends £75,000 for every £25,000 it brings in. Close inspection of income from members' subs means the true membership figure is only around 65,000 — not the 202,000 given to the TUC and Labour Party. Brumwell, meanwhile, is said to be sitting on cheques worth £140,000 he cannot post because they will bounce.

'Blackleg'

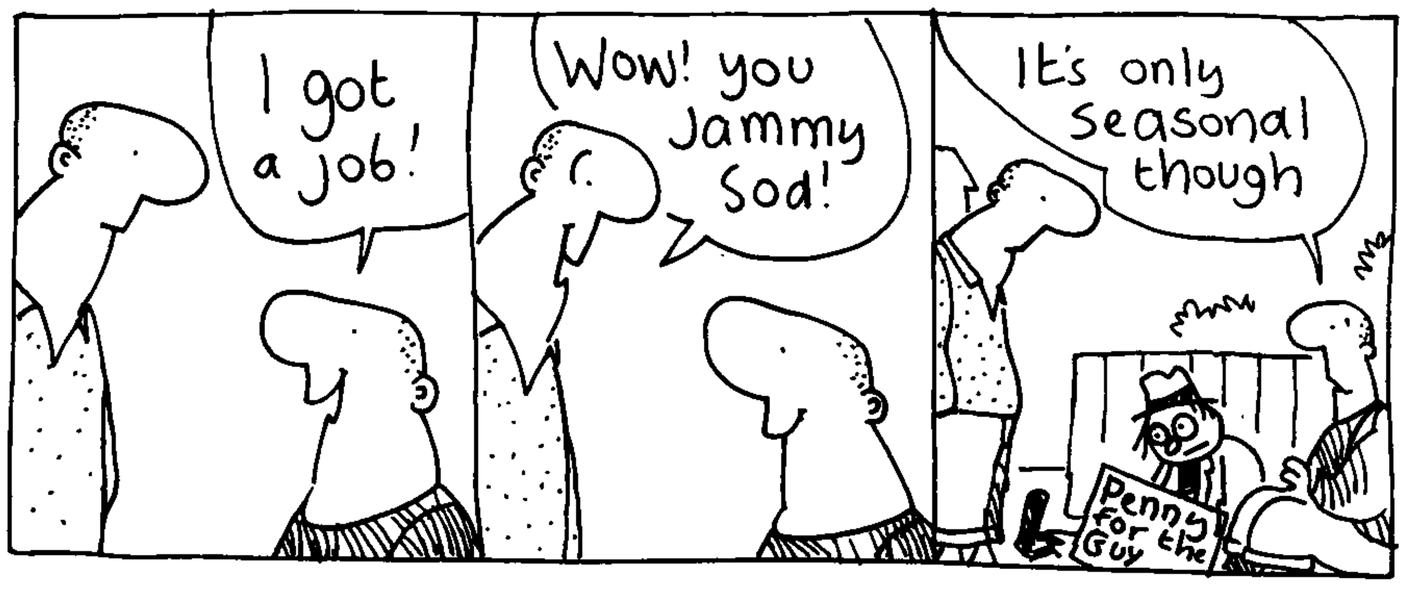
JUST FANCY THAT

In this country no one need be afraid of ill health because it is available to us all regardless of means.

V.Bottomley
Company Magazine

O·B·N

HUSBAND



Far from fitting into any easily identifiable category, [Will] Self is a bold buccaneer sailing solo on the high seas of modern rogue literature, bemused by the storms of abuse he's aroused among the mewling mandarins of mediocrity. And he not only looks more like a successful rock star than a struggling writer — the Nicholas Cage of literary London — he has many of the attributes of that hedonistic breed. He's a maverick ex-junkie; an articulate anarchist, supremely self-confident; a charismatic charmer oozing sexuality.

MARIA LEXTON
Time Out

Submitted by A. Midha.

£10 paid for all entries put forward for the Order of the Brown Nose.

Bankers

PATRICK Thorne and his wife opened an account with the Nationwide building society in 1988 because of its boast that it offered "free and flexible" banking.

Last year, however, because an automatic credit failed to arrive in their account, a cheque signed by Mr Thorne for a miserly £8 took him into the red by a few pounds.

His cheque was bounced at a charge of £20, and when it was represented it was bounced again for a further £20. This put the account further over its limit and led to another £40 charge on two further bounced items.

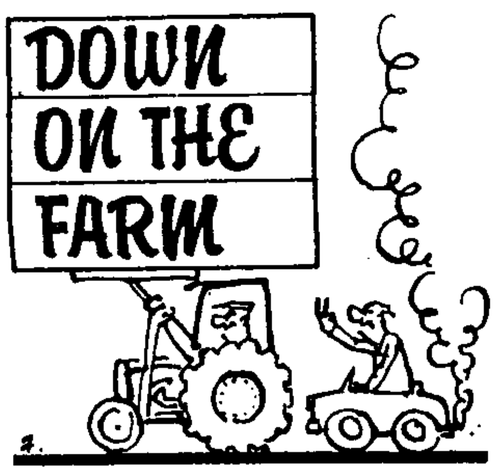
While Nationwide wrote to announce each bounced cheque, it did not mention its £20 charge. Nor did its hole-in-the-wall machine show the Thorne's that they were in the red, as it could not differentiate between cleared and uncleared funds.

Mr Thorne complained to the building society ombudsman, who found "nothing unreasonable" in the Nationwide's attitude, pointing out that the Thornes had signed conditions that included a clause allowing Nationwide to change the conditions whenever it wants.

So much for "free and flexible" banking at Nationwide.

"Anything you don't say may be taken down and used in evidence"

DOWN ON THE FARM



with 'New Muckspreader'

OUR POULTRY industry has become so geared to mass production that almost all the 10 million British chickens that pour into our supermarkets each week come from just 102 processing plants.

Under Brussels rules each bird must undergo rigorous "hygiene" checks, on completion of which rituals the dead 'uns may carry a tasteful little stamp known as the "EEC health mark". Only these will be accepted by supermarket buyers.

Thanks to a carefully-concealed cock-up by the lunatic ministry of agriculture, only 53 of the 102 British chicken killers have bothered to comply with this 22-year-old Euro-law. The remaining 49 have been able to "opt out", each saving themselves £80,000 a year or more in inspection fees.

The snag — that without the "EEC health mark" supermarkets and cash-and-carry stores will not buy the chickens — has not deterred a number of ingenious firms from finding ways to have their birds stamped, even though they have not been through the inspection rituals.

One such was Harvest Poultry in East Anglia. Until recently it solved the problem by applying its own stamp which looked uncannily like an "EEC health mark". It even carried the same words. Its chickens, thus upgraded, could be cheerfully passed on to supermarkets and cash-and-carry stores, making several million pounds more profit than their unstamped equivalents, and keeping everybody happy.

Except, that is, a Mr Bill Kefford, conscientious poultry inspector for Mid-Suffolk council. He has spent several months trying to tell everyone who mattered, including his employer, that it wasn't on to break the law in this way. His only reward for trying to blow the whistle on a major scam, which has been copied by several other major poultry producers, has been the sack for "gross misconduct".

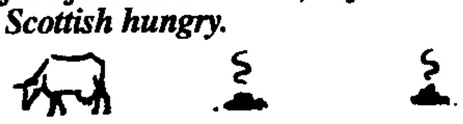
At least Harvest Poultry, now renamed Crown Chickens after a management buy-out from its former owners, Hillsdown Holdings, pond supplier to the former shit-bag agriculture minister, John Selwyn *Drittsekk*, has been so disturbed by the threat of publicity that it has "upgraded" its plant to "full EEC standard".

Late in the day, East Anglia police are now snuffling around to see how many other plants have been breaking the law.

SCOTTISH peasants, labouring under the burden of unseasonably bad weather, have been tardy in gathering in the harvest, leaving chickens and other livestock rather peckish.

Canny Scots feed suppliers, therefore, have been looking with covetous eyes at the groaning intervention stores where Scotland's contribution to the grain mountain amounts to 139,802 tonnes of wheat and 498,494 tonnes of barley.

Although keen to relieve British taxpayers of some of the £85 million a year it costs to store the grain, the suppliers have been unable to convince the mandarins of the intervention board that actually using stored grain — some of which is six years old — is a good idea. The intervention stores remain firmly sealed, and grain is having to be transported at great cost, from as far afield as Somerset, to feed the Scottish hungry.



THE ministry of agriculture seems unaccountably anxious to convince anyone who will listen that nerve-gas based organo-phosphorus pesticides are not used anywhere on the Channel Islands.

It is also desperately keen to point out that there have been only 72 cases of BSE on Jersey, compared with Guernsey's 405 from a cattle population of half the size.

This curious obsession may have something to do with the islands' being supplied by different cattle feed companies, making the dual island set-up ideal for demonstrating the validity of the ministry's scrapie-infected feed theory as a cause of BSE.

Alas, MAFF is in for a major disappointment. According to adverts produced by major chemical suppliers on the islands, OPs are used widely on many crops in Guernsey and Jersey, including those used for cattle feed. It seems that local suppliers have been attempting to cover up the extent of OP usage to protect the islands' much-cherished "green" image, misleading MAFF into the bargain.

As for the disparity in BSE rates, it appears that less than frank Jersey farmers and officials have also been sponsoring their own version of a cover-up, protecting a valuable export trade in their world-famous cattle by hiding the true rate.

There is probably no significant difference in BSE incidence on the two islands. This might leave the ministry theory on BSE a picnic short of several apples — the only important common fact between Guernsey and Jersey, which could explain similar BSE rates, is the use of OP pesticides on cattle feed.

POLICE 5

WHILE Alison Halford remains barred from Merseyside police's senior officers' mess for blowing the whistle on neanderthal police culture (*Eye* 823), male officers continue to behave disgracefully — and get away with it.

At a recent mess presentation, a retiring senior officer put his hand down the front of assistant chief constable Pauline Clare's dress. Mrs Clare was so mortified by the old groper's party trick she hastily left.

To date there has been no suggestion that her male attacker should be refused membership as a retired associate, and Mrs Clare will doubtless come face to face with him at future beanfeasts. It is one thing to attack a police officer physically if you are male — and quite another to do so in print if you are female.

Halford, meanwhile, fed up waiting for an invitation to pick up her £100 retirement gift at the mess, has asked its president — Murkeyside chief constable "Sunny" Jim Sharples — to send the money to the European Network for Police Women as a contribution to equality issues. At least in retirement she is spared the boorish behaviour her serving female colleagues endure at the (wandering) hands of male counterparts.

SALLY DEEDES

AS THE telecommunications war intensifies between British Telecom and the cable TV industry, which can offer a rival telephone service, a cautionary tale arrives from a reader in Birmingham who opted for a phone line from his local cable operator.

Reader Henry Goodman moved into a rented house which had no BT line. Instead it had a line from Birmingham Cable, which promised cheaper telephone calls than BT (not very hard) and itemised billing.

The company offered *free* telephone connection — but, in a twist to the new game of "negative selling" — only if Mr Goodman subscribed to its "premier" TV package: a monthly fee of £11.95, plus a further charge of £13.90 for its film channels and £4.95 for an "adult" channel.

Mr Goodman paid his August subscription by direct debit but quickly cancelled the film and adult channels (which were offered free for a month) well in advance. He thus hoped to have his cheaper cable telephone service for £11.95 a month.

In September, however, the full amount was again deducted from his account. He cancelled his direct debit and reminded Birmingham Cable that he wanted the film and adult channels cancelled (they were switched off the next day). However, *again* the money left his account the next month.

Ignoring the tedious direct debit cock-up (Mr Goodman's bank has lodged a claim against Birmingham Cable), Mr Goodman still has no telephone. "We are unable to inform you of a precise date for your installation. In certain areas the demand from local residents is extremely high and as a result we have needed to install further equipment to carry more lines," he was told.

While anything that is cheaper than BT's telephone service should be welcomed, after two months Mr Goodman still has no phone. He has demanded a refund for the line rental and for the £25 he paid for the unwanted television service. It will be some time, it seems, before the vultures at British Telecom are knocked from their perch.

Old Macdonald

ALBERT

A PENKNIFE! WHAT DO I WANT WI' A PENKNIFE?
HAPPY BIRTHDAY WAYNE
YOU SHOULD ALWAYS CARRY A GOOD KNIFE LAD FOR THOSE LITTLE FARMIN' EMERGENCIES. AN' THAT ONE'S GOT THE LOT!
THIS IS FOR REMOVIN' STONES FROM HOOVES. THIS IS FOR PULLIN' THORNS FROM SHEEP.....
..AN THIS IS FOR EXTRACTIN' LOANS FROM BANK MANAGERS!

Letters

Barking

Sir,

I write to complain about the article in your edition of 8 October entitled "Young Conservative Special", as it included a fact.

I do indeed own a dog called Spike!

If you persist in scattering facts throughout your columns, the EYE *may squander its hard-earned reputation.*

Yours faithfully,
ANDREW ROSINDELL,
National Chairman, Young Conservatives of the United Kingdom, Romford, Essex.

Eastern promise

Sir,

With regard to your letter in EYE *number 830 concerning the Young Conservatives, I must take issue with the comment that "all the major YC chairmen voted in favour of abolishing race relations legislation".*

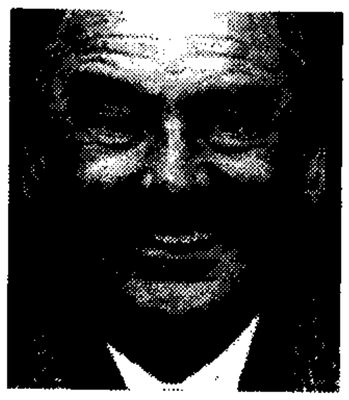
Whilst it is true that such a motion was passed, it was most certainly not supported by those of us in Eastern Area and elsewhere who represent the sensible and moderate wing of our organisation.

We have consistently gone on record to support the Prime Minister and Conservative Party policy, which does not include repealing the above-mentioned legislation, and we will continue to do so in the future.

Yours faithfully,
ROBERT McLEAN,
Chairman, Eastern Area Young Conservatives, Benfleet, Essex.

PS: I do have a girlfriend.

Lookalike



Paik

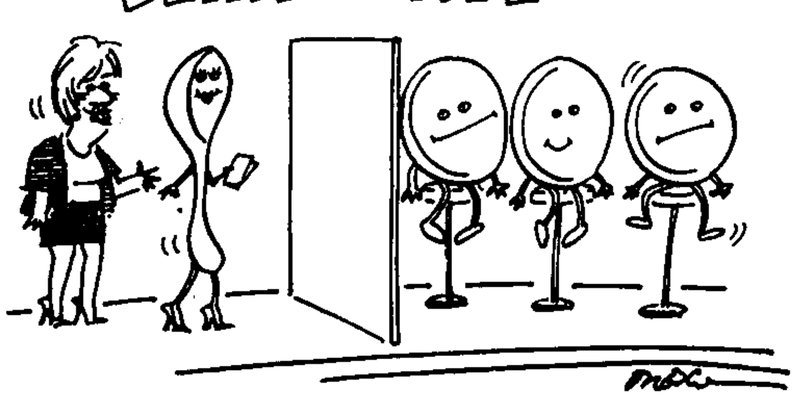
Monkhouse

Sir,

I wonder if your readers have by any chance noticed the remarkable resemblance between Gyorgy Paik, internationally renowned cellist, and Bob Monkhouse, doyen of game show hosts.

Are they by any chance related?
I think we should be told.

Yours faithfully,
JAMES MASTERS,
Tonbridge, Kent.



"First you turned down dishy number three..."

A gerbil writes...

Sir,

Please have no concern for my safety. I am alive and well, and now living in a shepherd's bush.

FAGGOT,
London W12.

Sugar and spies

Sir,

I am intrigued at your sudden interest in things that I am associated with. After all these years you've got round to me. Seems to me it's all been fuelled by the recent events at Tottenham.

Funny ain't it, that after 25 years the first document that leaks out of Amstrad (which you chose to print an extract of) was originally faxed to me by my secretary via Terry Venables' office at Tottenham on 6 May this year.

Then there's your interest in Landhurst Leasing, who some people say lent Tel a load of dosh.

Now your interest is focused on executive boxes at White Hart Lane. Of course, you are not suggesting that Amstrad or Herbert Smith get them free! As your major shareholder and long term Spurs season ticket holder Peter Cook knows, everybody has to pay full price at White Hart Lane.

I wish someone would have told that to Landhurst Leasing. Apart from allegedly lending Tel or one of his companies "mucho dosh", they also had a box at White Hart Lane. The problem is, they never paid for it!

I wrote this myself because I don't have an entourage of grovelling Yes men or stand-in chauffeurs around me to do it for me. I am really confused. Where are you getting all this information from Ed? It's not "CRYSTAL" clear to me.

Best regards to you and Pete.
ALAN SUGAR,
Tottenham Hotspur, London N17.

Give P.J. a chance

Sir,

Another pedant writes: in issue 829, Bookworm implies that P.J. O'Rourke recycled an EYE *front page for the title of his latest book.*

If Bookworm read the book (An Anthology of Gulf War Dispatches) he/she would learn that "Give war a chance" was a graffiti spotted by P.J. at a US air base in Dhahran. This was reported in a dispatch dated February 1991, a whole month before the EYE *cover.*

Perhaps Lord Gnome's caption writer is also a serving member of the US military. I think we should be told.

Yours,
GEORGE HAMMERSLEY,
Horton, Bristol.

Unfair cop?

Sir,

You have now published a couple of extremely abusive letters from one Andrew Drummond and your readership must be totally bewildered as to what on earth is biting the man.

There is a simple explanation.

Andrew Drummond, who at the time I had not really heard of, was the author of an article in the OBSERVER *as long ago as November 1991 that attacked me and Karyn Smith (one of the two girls convicted in dubious circumstances of drug smuggling in Bangkok) and attributed much of the attack to the Foreign Office.*

There was an instant denial by the Foreign Office and I was forced to issue a libel writ. Now Karyn Smith is home there is no longer any reason to delay the trial of this action. Almost all the mysterious people he mentions in his second letter are supposed to be witnesses.

Messrs Sue, Grabit & Run [sic] would, I am sure, not approve of further comment.

Yours sincerely,
STEPHEN JAKOBI,
Fair Trials Abroad, London WC1.

Histrionics today

Sir,

Craig Brown's diary chooses to sneer at David Baddiel's knowledge of English literature (T.S. Eliot's "Paintings"). If he wishes to play the intellectual snob, then perhaps I should point out that David Baddiel holds one of the better double firsts in English literature ever recorded at Cambridge, as well as a PhD in Victorian literature; so he probably knows rather more about the subject than, say, someone who works for the SUNDAY TIMES.

HARRY THOMPSON,
Producer, "Newman & Baddiel in Pieces", BBC TV Centre, London W12.

● ***On the strength of this letter I have of course had no choice but to sack Craig Brown immediately. Ed.***

Rail wail

Sir,

I write in reference to your article (8 October) concerning the freight train collision at Maidstone East station which is misleading and factually incorrect. In the article you state that the wagon at the end of the train was swiftly removed from site. In truth, the wagon remained on site until 5.30pm the following day before being moved at slow speed to Hither Green for further examination.

You also state that the wagon appeared "identical to the cylindrical wagons into which spent German fuel is loaded for transport". The three wagons at the rear of the train (which were not derailed) consisted of two empty flat wagons with stanchions at the sides and one wagon containing non-hazardous metallic compound.

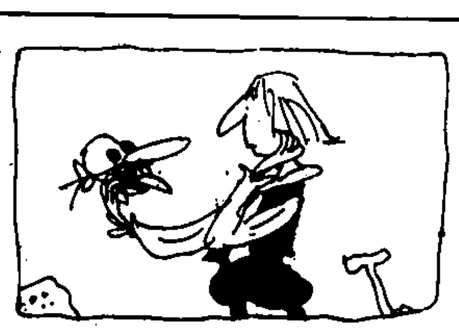
Yours sincerely,
DIANA LUCAS,
Press & PR Manager, Railfreight Distribution, London W2.

That lunch in full

Sir,

I saw you piece under "Gore-Blimey of the FO" and felt I should say that Richard Ingrams and David Gore-Booth who have been friends of mine for many years, were my guests at the lunch in Watlington in May 1981 to which you refer. I neither felt that the meal was uneasy nor that David was a Gore-Blurt. What he tried to do was to warn Richard that the EYE *was on a false scent over the Helen Smith case. What you fail to mention now is that David was right and Richard was wrong. Gordon Kirby sued the* EYE *and you settled out of court. Another case of selective reporting perhaps.*

Yours,
BILL PIRIE,
Northstoke, Oxon.



LUVVIES

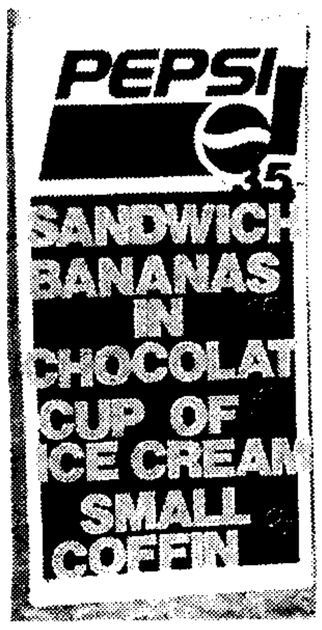
Actors are just like you and me but more so. It's more naked. They have to be bloody brave to stand up and strip themselves stark naked and be scrutinised. You can understand why they are as they are. I love them.

SIR PETER HALL
Sunday Times magazine

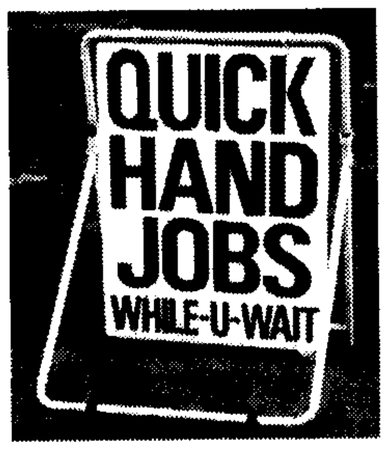
Submitted by Toby Sculthorp.

An occasional column devoted to the acting profession. £10 paid for entries.

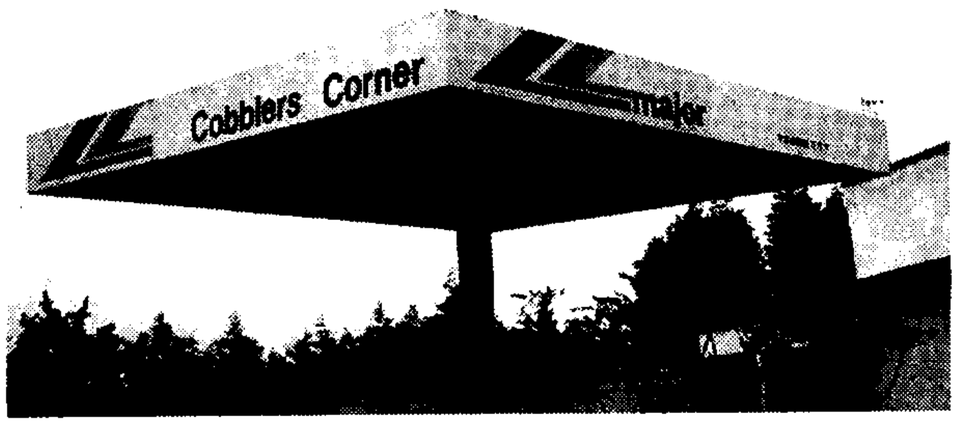
I-SPY



Stockholm



North London



Lincolnshire

Submitted by Michael O'Leary, Mark Bagnall, John Elford, Martin Pool. £10 paid for similar submissions.
(SAE required for return of photographs. No transparencies.)

Earful for Elstein

Sir,

Despite the ridiculous bleatings of David Elstein, your correspondent "H. Marx" was spot on in your issue of 24 September. Elstein's response essentially accepted this. Prior to 23 September Sky had consistently refused to offer any subtitled programmes at all to us aurally disenfranchised. Elstein now expects us to fork out £240 pa to watch FATHER OF THE BRIDE *— already transmitted with subtitles on the BBC — and (at present) 11 other films. We have progressed from no subtitled programmes at all on ANY channel to a token few films. This is not a "subtitling service" but a PR damage limitation exercise: tokenism at its worst.*

His statement that Sky thought this "the right time to offer the hearing-impaired the same chance as the rest of the population to enjoy recently-released movies" almost brings tears to my eyes: God bless us every one. His quoting the cost to Sky as being "hundreds of thousands of pounds" — implying what grand philanthropists they all are — glosses over the fact that Sky is paying out a billion or so in general programming. The cost of subtitling is ridiculously low in comparison, and certainly a good deal less than the lavish and distasteful advertising campaign we were all recently subjected to by Rupert Murdoch. An increasing number of companies are having their TV advertisements subtitled because they KNOW *it pays to do so.*

Sky appears to have no plans to subtitle Sky News, one of the remaining free services on satellite. This would be a much more suitable initial candidate for subtitles than feature films which are for the most part already available either subtitled on terrestrial television or with NEC captions at the video store.

Yours faithfully,
S.C. McTIGHE,

London SE22.

Dry reply

Sir,

Your criticism of Anglian Water over customers who pay their bills using water stamps is misdirected and inaccurate. We do accept stamps through the post. The 75p charged to customers paying over the counter at a post office is a post office charge not ours. In fact we have to pay the post office commission on everything they collect for us!

Yours faithfully,
JERRY DODD,
Head of Corporate Relations, Anglian Water, Huntingdon, Cambs.

Colemanballs

£10 paid for contributions

"The thing about luck in snooker is that it's so fortuitous."
DAVID VINE, BBC1
(Michael Dunbar)

"When you improvise, do you actually have to make it up?"
PAULA YATES (to Timothy Spall), Channel 4
(Alison J. Wilde)

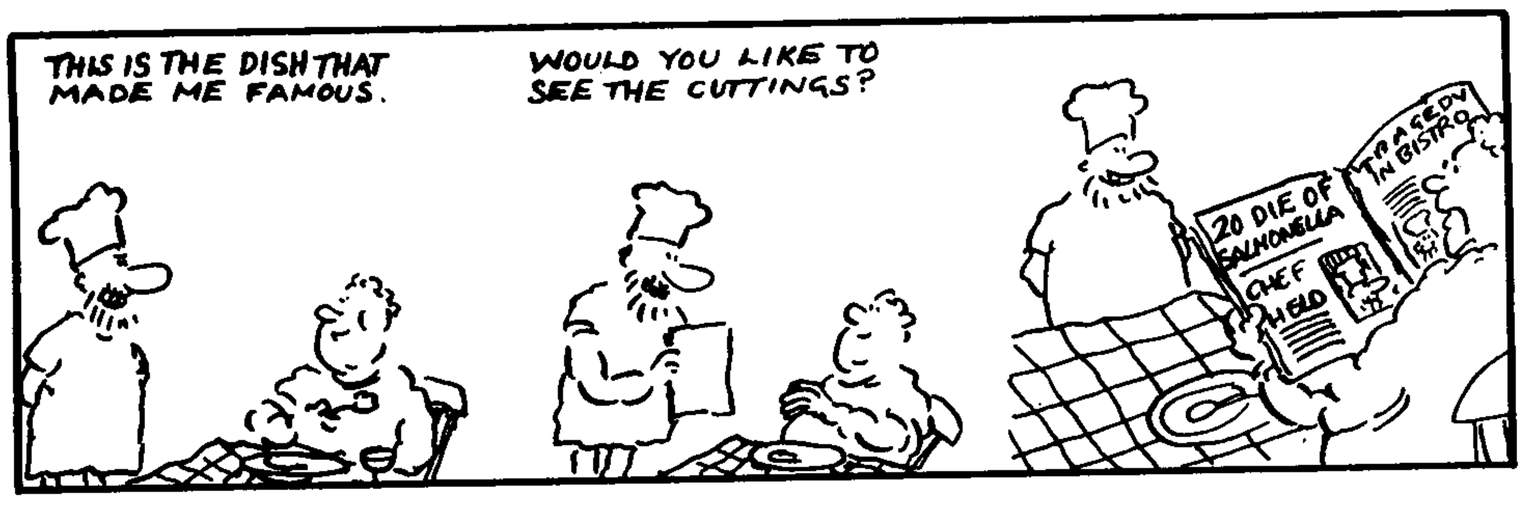
"And Hately rose like Buddha at the far post to power that header just over the bar."
ALAN HANSEN, Radio 5
(David Ljunggren)

"On a scale of one to ten, it's more confusing over here than in Europe."
NIGEL MANSELL, BBC1
(Matt Staples)

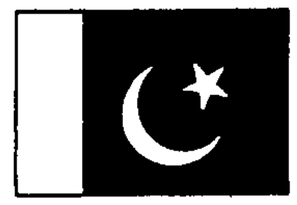
"The BBC is marching on all four cylinders."
JOHN BIRT, BBC1
(Kieran Donley)

HOM SAP

BY DAVID AUSTIN



Letter from Pakistan



IRRESPECTIVE of who becomes prime minister next week, the army will remain in charge.

It has ruled us overtly for more than two decades, and indirectly for most of our 46 years since independence. Following our indecisive parliamentary and provincial assembly elections, the third in five years, it will continue to be the mailed fist that controls Pakistan.

Given that it is our strongest institution, responsible for national security, nuclear and foreign policy and assuring good governance, it will make sure that Benazir Bhutto of the Pakistan People's Party (PPP), and Nawaz Sharif of the Pakistan Muslim League (N), contenders for the premiership, behave.

Meanwhile, Moeen Qureshi, former World Bank vice-president and our popular caretaker prime minister, will preside over new rules to prevent the destructive politics we have witnessed over the past three years. He has already promulgated an anti-defection law to prevent MPs switching parties for plots of land, Japanese four-wheel drive jeeps (all the rage) and inducements like ministerial berths, money, foreign jaunts and even women.

Insiders say the army prefers the glamorous Miss Bhutto to her streetwise rival Sharif. They feel she has the right international image to negotiate concessions from Washington, like lifting the arms embargo against our pirate nuclear weapons programme, and to negotiate lucrative deals for top brass.

Besides, General Wahid Khatar, the army chief, was instrumental in forcing Sharif to resign as prime minister in July after an unseemly row with the wily former president Ghula Ishaq Khan which led to the elections. It is unlikely they will want Sharif back, especially as he is accused of involvement in the death of Wahid's predecessor, General Asif Nawaz Janjua, believed to have been poisoned.

Mrs Janjua, convinced that her husband died of slow arsenic poisoning, accused Sharif and Brigadier Imtiaz, his sidekick and intelligence bureau head, of involvement. Her allegations forced the government to exhume the body and call in forensic experts from the US after arsenic was found in the general's hair.

The investigators have submitted their report, which is being used to wield influence over Sharif, whether or not he makes it as prime minister. Ironically, a poll has shown that 77 percent of Pakistani voters do not like Bhutto or Sharif, while 85 per cent want Qureshi to stay on. In his few months as caretaker he has cracked down on corruption and loan defaulters, cut government spending and instituted a new tax on big farmers, known as feudals.

Miss Bhutto, with little legitimacy other than her family name, lives on her martyr's image. Her father was hanged by the military who overthrew him in 1978 and persecuted his family, and Benazir flaunts her feudal past, the family's sacrifices and her God-given right to rule. She talks of transporting Pakistan into the 21st century through reform.

Sharif talks of socialism and accountability, but has reduced politics to the lowest level, living by the mafia principle of everyone having a price. Over the past decade, during his political rise, his industrial empire has grown to be the largest in Pakistan. Sharif is one of the richest men in South Asia.

The silver lining to the cloudy election results has been the defeat of the mad mullahs from the Pakistan Islamic Front (PIF), which won only three of the 103 seats it contested.

The deadly Jamait-e-Islami, the PIF's umbrella organisation and erstwhile allies of Sharif, has directed Pakistan's political agenda for decades: opposing women entering politics, pushing for an interest free Islamic economic system and enforcing a Quranic legal system by which a woman's evidence in court, even in a rape case, is worth half that given by any man.

The Jamait, by throwing its weight behind Sharif in the last elections, acquired power without responsibility, frequently forcing their regressive policies on to us. In an allegedly Islamic country, where more alcohol is drunk than in "wet" countries, the mullahs' defeat has been gratefully received. There is a hope that the Jamait's departure may usher in reform. If the army permits.

"Mr Shit, I have been in the judiciary for many years, but I have never, ever encountered such vile conduct in a swimming pool," magistrate Billy Low Nai told two accused men. "If I could hang you from the light fittings here and now, I would."

Earlier Abdul Malik Bin and his friend Siow Kiong Shit had denied claims made by an assistant supervisor at the River Valley pool. "I had just finished warning several men against ogling in the toilet, when I saw what I thought was someone in distress in the children's pool. Drawing nearer, I observed Mr Bin and Mr Shit moving in a most suspicious way. Time and again, Shit bobbed in and out of the water, gasping for air before diving below the surface, while Bin became strangely still and glassy-eyed. This is usually a sign that someone is urinating, and I was on the lookout for a tell-tale cloud of yellow. Then I noticed Shit was holding some sort of battery-operated toy shark and applying it to his friend's lower midriff, and I realised that a despicable act was in progress. I blew strenuously upon my whistle, ordered them out, told them of my views on public hygiene, broke Mr Shit's arm, and called the police. I am broadminded. I am a subscriber to *Reader's Digest* and a double Masters degree holder, and I know how to cope in such situations. Violence is best."

The two men were each jailed for six months. Mr Long told reporters afterwards: "Such behaviour is disgraceful. It pollutes the minds of young people, not to say the water. If only such people controlled their urges, we wouldn't need to add so much chlorine." *(The New Paper/Straits Times Press, 27/9/93. Spotter — N. Macdonald)*

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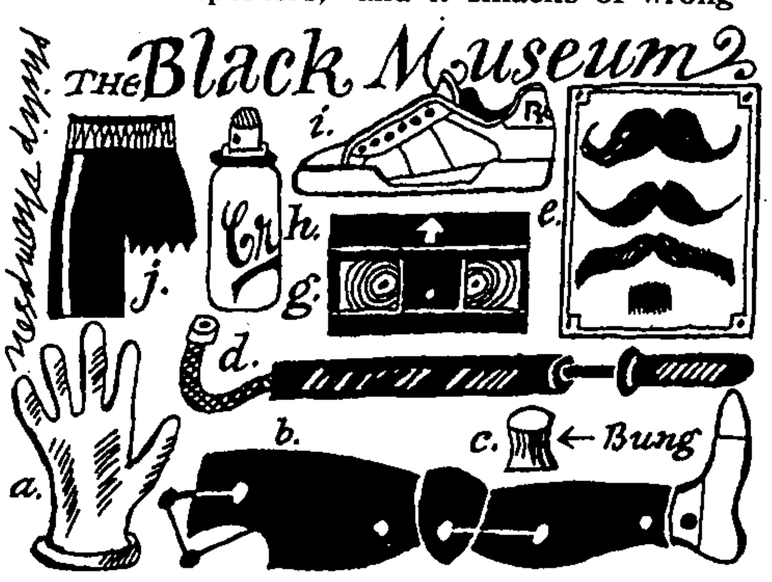
FUNNY OLD WORLD

"We've never known anything like it, not in Cherry Walk," Isle of Man pensioner Ethel Timmins told reporters, "and it smacks of wrong-



doing. This man must be caught before he does something dreadful."

Miss Timmins had contacted the Onchan police station on Thursday, after making her discovery in a public litter bin. A spokesman admitted: "Police are utterly baffled. We found four cycling tops, four pairs of cycling shorts, each with a leg cut off, a box of surgical gloves, a towel, a quantity of false moustaches, four training shoes (all left-footed), a rusty bicycle pump, an empty container of goose dripping, an aerosol can of cream, a rubber tawse, an unravelled video tape, a bung of some sort, and a prosthetic leg.

"The leg and the cycling gear I can understand, but I don't like the rest of the stuff. We are not yet sure exactly what crime has been committed, but nonetheless I am asking all clean-shaven, one-legged cyclists on the island to come forward so that we can eliminate them from our enquiries." *(Isle of Man Examiner, 21/9/93. Spotter — Michael H. Crowe)*

Compiled by

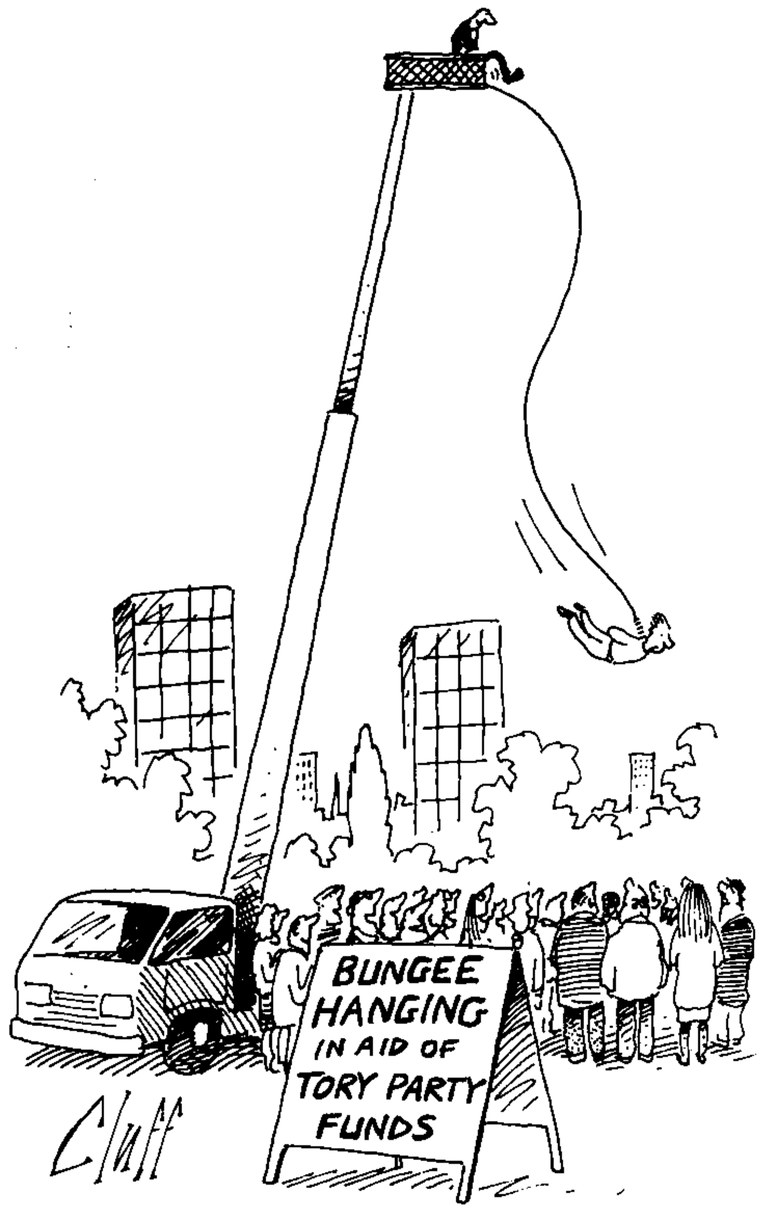
Victor Lewis-Smith

—o—

"Let's get one thing very clear. Wank Associates Inc is a world leader in the field of public relations and literary criticism," President Martin Wank declared in a press statement.

"There is nothing remotely funny about the name. There are Wanks everywhere. On Long Island alone, there are more than a dozen distinguished Wanks. The Pennsylvanian printing firm founded by my father, Joseph Wank, still bears his name, and there are many more in Texas. It's Bavarian in origin, you know. There is a mountain called Wank, and the village of Wank stands nearby. Have you never heard of the river Wankova near the Polish border? Have you never tasted Wank potato chips? Never had a Wank cocktail? I'm telling you, it's a perfectly normal name."

When Mr Wank was informed that neither the mountain, river, nor village were listed in a major world atlas — nor had anybody heard of the potato chip or cocktail — he said: "Wank is not penetrating the British market. That is the problem." (Spotter — Suzie Roberts)



Quoting the Queen, Sir Norman admitted that the last year had been an "anus horribilis" but he proclaimed this would be a "fighting back conference" and this year had to be devoted to "recovering our strength, our purpose and our public support".

Daily Telegraph

THOMAS
THE PRIVATISED TANK

Thomas on the warpath

"WE DON'T need *that* any more," growled Thomas, before letting fly a 40lb shell. The noticeboard headed 'Validity of Saver andSuperSaver tickets' was smashed to splinters.

He moved on along the platform, crushing benches, lampposts and passengers under his caterpillar tracks. "Can I help you?" asked a man in a kiosk marked 'Connections'.

"Oh yes," cried the Grey Controller from Thomas's turret. "I'm looking for ways to transfer even more traffic from the roads to the railways. Ha, ha!" He sent a shell crashing into the kiosk.

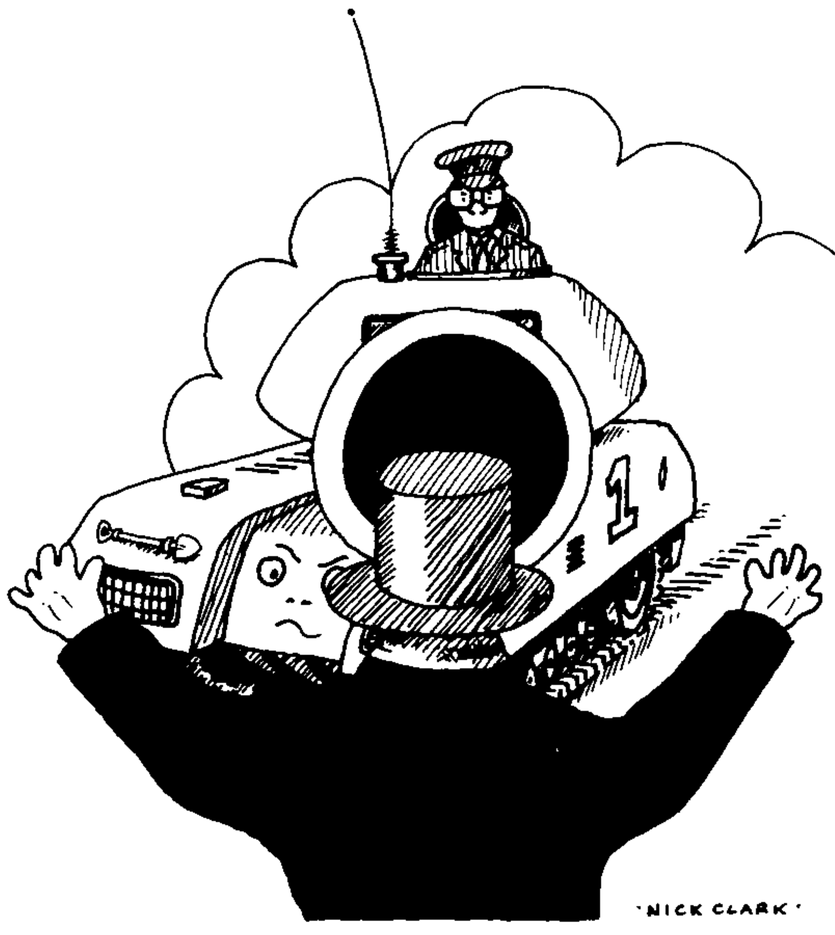
Next the Grey Controller aimed the gun barrel at a signal. "Hang on, we need that for safety reasons," said Thomas.

"No, we don't have crashes on private railways," said the Grey Controller. "Fire!"

Suddenly Thomas stopped, and the Grey Controller stood to attention. A stream of enormous lorries roared past. "Heil 44- tonner!" yelled the Grey Controller, thrusting out his right arm.

Annie and Clarabel were dozing in a siding. "Ach, bloody rural trains," screamed the Grey Controller, before smashing them to bits.

"What on earth is all this noise?" demanded the Fat Controller.



"Ve have vays of forcing you into retirement, oh ja!" The Grey Controller turned the gun barrel to face the Fat Controller. "You have for the railvays vorked for more than six months. So you have given us no choice but ..." And the Fat Controller exploded as a shell hit his stomach.

"And now ..." Thomas lurched forward. "Ve vill destroy all der train factories, all der stations on prime city-centre land, all der rail unions, all der ..."

Beads of sweat ran down Thomas's boiler casing as he woke with a shiver. "Thank Brunel for that," he said with relief. "It was all a dream."

Chester Square SW1

Dear Bill,

Did you get my PC from Blackpool? I can't tell you what a grisly experience it was. It put me powerfully in mind of that poem we had to learn at school about the bloke who thinks he's a ghost when he revisits his old haunts and discovers all his former chums have snuffed it. When you see these people like Portillo and Lilley it makes you feel pretty sick. Dear old Willie Whitelaw would have made them look like pygmies, particularly if he'd had a few.

The Boss had been bussed in by her publisher under instructions to kick up no end of a shindig, draw attention to herself by every conceivable means and pledge her undying support for poor little Major. Then, come publication day the following Sunday, everybody would get a good laugh when it turned out that she thought he was a pathetic little oik all the time and had never liked him.

Unfortunately the reptiles at the *Mirror* had broken into the warehouse, stolen one of the three million copies and given it to the only man on their staff who could read. He had then typed out the more disobliging bits and splashed them all over the front page on the first day of the Conference.

Friend Murdoch was fit to be tied, as you can imagine, and said the *Mirror* had brought newspaper ethics into disrepute. However, at first the Boss didn't seem too put out – more photographers, open sniggering when she embraced Major, and Fatty Lawson et al wheeled out on the radio to say she was mentally unstable. She seemed to think it was all grist to her mill. Then the publishers rang up in a great state, saying all this could seriously reduce her royalties, and she began to get the wind up.

Do you remember that very seedy lawyer bird who acted for the highly-placed woofter who shot a dog on Dartmoor? (It's all a bit hazy in my memory but I think he might have been Club Secretary at the Liberal Club.) The lawyer fellow's name was Nottley or Napley, in any case long out to grass and sitting at home counting his gold coins. First thing I know M. is punching buttons on her Portillofone in the back of the car on the way back from Blackpool, ordering the poor old bird to get up out of his wheelchair and have an injunction served on everyone except the *Sunday Times* if they dared to quote more than three words of Professor Stone's masterpiece *The Downing Street Years*.

En route, we had to call in at the Forte Plantaganet Crest Leamington Spa for a literary lunch. The other sods pushing their books turned out to be that blonde woman with the gap in her teeth and the sex-maniac husband who writes smutty books about horses, and some newsreader johnny who had put his name to a book about Cats. God, Bill, I can't describe the tedium. I was stuck between the gap-toothed woman, who kept squeezing my knee and asking for my telephone number, and some frightful old bat from the local literary society who told me that she always associated days of the week with a colour. Did I think Wednesday was blue? I said every day I saw red, which seemed to shut her up.

By the time the Boss got to her feet we had already had the newsreader johnny reciting Cat Poems, the gap-toothed woman telling dirty jokes and my neighbour of the colourful days, a Mrs Chorley-Wood, asking us to reach deep in our pockets on behalf of the proposed Leamington Spa Festival of Literature and the Lively Arts. During this I had only managed to imbibe one small brownie, three vodkas and tonic, and the best part of a magnum of Algerian Infuriator that a sympathetic waiter obliging left under my chair.

As she rose to her feet I could see that the Boss had been a good deal luckier as far as the snorts were concerned. She certainly departed from her prepared speech on a number of occasions, meandering off into colourful descriptions of what she would like to do to Lawson, Howe and Major, evoking the worst horrors of the Spanish Inquisition. She concluded with a rousing peroration attacking the *Sunday Times* for jumping the gun and breaching her copyright, with several highly offensive references to Mr Murdoch.

Afterwards queues formed in front of each of three tables, and I was distressed to see that the bookseller's representative was forced, given the long lines waiting for the newsreader to endorse the Cats and the gap-toothed woman to sign her latest filth, to reappear again and again at Margaret's deserted table wearing a variety of different coloured beards. I managed to bribe some of the kitchen staff to come and queue behind him but they seemed highly displeased with what they received. Fortunately Margaret didn't seem to notice.

Did you see Maurice on the TV sitting on his roof among the floodwaters? His new ladyfriend, who keeps a kennels outside Deal, lost all her shorter dogs by drowning, but Maurice tells me that she has made a killing on the insurance.

Be a brick, Bill, and turn up at W.H. Smith's in Sevenoaks on Thursday morning. The Boss is doing another signing. They make quite good doorstops, or you could give it to Daphne for Christmas in memory of your famous visit to Chequers when Maurice broke the bust of Mr Chamberlain with his niblick.

Yours in the top three hundred,

PS: What price my own reminiscences, provisional title *The Downing It Years*?

The Secret Diary of John Major aged 47¾

Friday

Today I made what my wife Norman said was the best speech I have ever made in my life! Even I have to admit that in my own judgement that it was a triumph.

I opened with a brilliant joke that was specially written for me by my new speechwriter Mr Norris Norris. This is how it went: "Everybody is writing their memoirs." (This, by the way, was a coded attack on Mrs Thatcher!) "But," I went on, "I want you all to know that I have no intention of writing my memoirs. Certainly not yet at any rate!" Everyone laughed, especially when Mr O'Donnell held up a board with the word "Laugh" written on it in big letters.

But that was not the only joke I told. Oh no. During the section when I attacked the way education has got much worse in the past 14 years, I pointed out that it is now illegal to read Shakespeare in schools. Shakespeare, my favourite author, can you believe it? I put on my special funny Cockney voice and said "Fings ain't what they used to be." Everyone laughed again, especially when Mr O'Donnell held up another board saying "This bit is meant to be funny as well."

But I also made some very serious points in my speech, which went on for a very considerable period of time. The main point that I wanted to make was that the country is in a terrible state these days, due to the Labour Government in the Sixties, and that what we need is a return to Conservatism. "Like we had under Mrs Thatcher," shouted someone from the floor, who was obviously mad and should never have been allowed into the hall. Mr O'Donnell held up another board saying "Please don't laugh. The Prime Minister is trying to be serious".

At the end of my historic speech everyone was so impressed that instead of clapping they played the song from the last night of the Proms.

Saturday

After the conference Norman and I have decided to "get away from it all" by going off to the Lake District, to a cottage belonging to a Mr Wordsworth, who I think is a friend of Norman's.

When we got there it was so old-fashioned that I decided we should stay in a hotel instead. We certainly managed to put all the cares and worries of the conference behind us, as we spent the evening in the Daffodil Lounge with Norman reading out to me bits from the Sunday papers about the conference.

"Look," she said. "Guess who's on the front page? It's Mr Heseltine doing his exercises. And look what's on page 2 — it's Mr Howard with his 279-point plan for stopping crime.

Then she turned to page 3. "Here's a familiar face," she said. "It's Mrs Thatcher denying that she had said you were useless and indecisive." At that point I decided it was time for me to take my traditional walk to see the daffodils with the photographers.

When I came back I found Norman still reading out what Mrs Thatcher

said about me in her memoirs, and laughing to herself in a way that I found not inconsiderably annoying. So I decided to fill in the form to hang on our bedroom door, saying what sort of breakfast I wanted. It was a choice between the Full Traditional Lakeland Breakfast, i.e. Cumbrian Sausage, Egg, Bacon and Black Pudding, or the EEC Approved Continental Special, i.e. Low-Cal French Style Croissant with Low Fat Danish Spread and De-Caffeinated Coffee. It was a very difficult decision, so I decided to ask Norman to tick the little boxes for us both.

Monday

When I got back to my desk after our post-conference holiday I was very surprised to find a press release from Mr O'Donnell announcing that he was resigning. I immediately rang him up to ask whether this was true, or was it just another of his special "leaks" like the one saying that the recession is over. He sounded strangely happy and said, "Yes, prime minister, I'm afraid it is true. I have decided to spend more time with my civil service. But do not worry. I have arranged for a very clever man from the Foreign Office to come in to tell you what to do."

"But I already have Mr Hurd to do that," I told him somewhat frostily. It is just as well he is leaving if he is so out of touch with the way things work here.

Tuesday

Today I have made another very important speech about how terrible it is that crime has been rising so much in the last 14 years. I decided to do this after I saw how well Mr Howard's speech had gone down at our conference. Obviously law and order is the one thing that my government stands for, and it is also very popular. Certainly reducing crime is something that Mrs Thatcher never managed to do during all her years in power. You will not find many mentions of that in her new book, which of course I have no intention of reading, especially the bits on pages 78, 84, 102, 154, 186, 212, 236, and 310-84, where she says that I am not up to the job of prime minister.

Wednesday

Mrs Thatcher has been on the television again. Now she says that since my historic speech at the party conference I am a good prime minister. She says there has been a "sea-change" in my attitudes. Obviously this is meant to be a reference to Blackpool, which is by the sea. I pointed this out to my wife Norman, but she said: "The phrase actually comes from *The Tempest*." "I am a busy man," I told her in my stern voice. "I do not have time to sit around reading Wordsworth like you."

Thursday

Since his appearance at Blackpool I have been in no small measure worried about Mr Heseltine. At the Cabinet meeting I asked Mrs Bottomley, who is the Health Minister, what she thought.

"He is a pale, shadowy figure who seems to lack drive and energy," she said. "He'll never be Prime Minister then," I replied. For some reason everyone laughed.

Perhaps it was because poor Mrs Bottomley has had such a bad time recently, being pelted with eggs by angry nurses at a meeting at the LSE. They missed her, apparently, so I said, rather amusingly: "Well, Virginia, at least you didn't get egg all over your face." "Unlike some people," said Mr Waldegrave, looking at me pointedly as he came in with the coffee and some of his wife's home-made low-salt Lancashire soda biscuits.

It is a great shame in my view that he did not get the job as Headmaster of Eton.

THE SECOND SECRET DIARY OF JOHN MAJOR ***is published this week — £4.99. Don't miss it!***

ПРАВДЕУЕ

Still only 12 million roubles (or one potato)

Friday
October 27
1993

PLANS TO REMOVE PREMIER FROM RESTING PLACE

by Our Man in London **John Lenin** (Deceased)

There is a growing movement amongst many ordinary Britons to take away the body of the Prime Minister from its shrine in the centre of London.

Every day many thousands of tourists queue to pay their respects to Britain's famous leader, the so called "Father of the Social Charter", where he sits in a state *(shurely 'state'? Ed)*, surrounded by despatch boxes and guarded 24 hours a day by Virginia Bottomley and Douglas Hurd.

Grey Square

But last week it was claimed by embalming experts that the figure people see each day is not real but a wax effigy.

"It cannot be Major," said one professor from the Dept of Embalmological Technology, University of Middlesex (formerly Cockfosters Polytechnic).

"By this stage of his premiership, amidst all the hot air of the chamber, Major would have fallen apart by now. It's got to be a dummy."

There were few dissenters to the professor's remarks, although one visitor, a Mrs Christina Barkworth from Somerset, said that she was sure Major was real. "I was quite close and I heard him whisper the word 'Bastard' several times. It could have been a tape recorder, but I feel sure that it was the real man."

I.V. Lenin is 139.

EYE QUIZ

THE following "joke" appears in the Thatcher Memoirs on William Waldegrave: "Slim, cerebral and aloof – a sort of Norman St John Stevas without the jokes."

Who wrote this joke? a) Mrs Thatcher (clue: No); b) Professor Norman Stone; c) Sir Ronald Miller; d) Mr Rory Bremner; e) Mr Eddie Bell.

PRIZE

3,000 remaindered copies of *The Downing Street Years.*

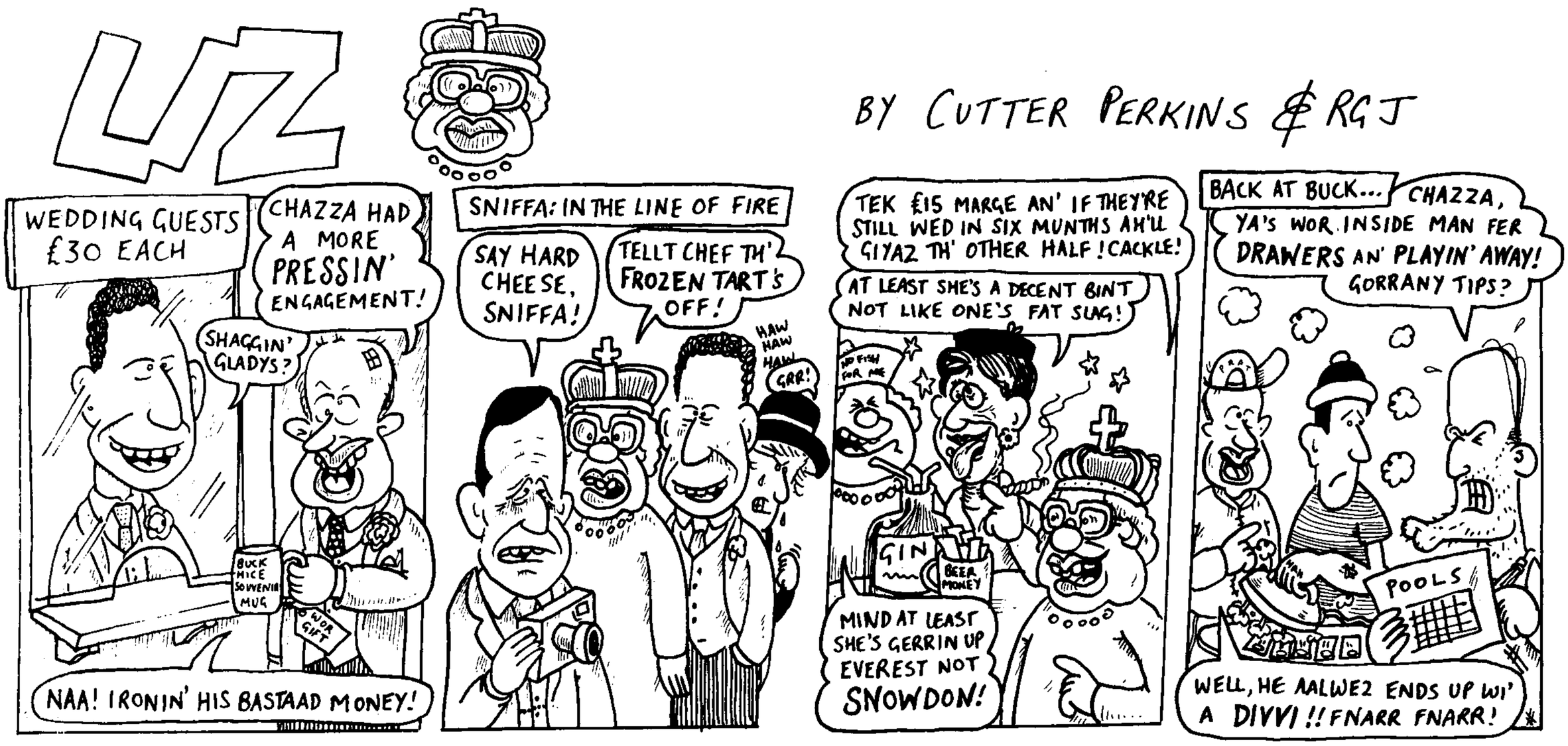
RIOTS – LATEST

THE CONTROVERSIAL VOICE

Every week **Dave Spart**, *Co-Chair of Docklands Anti-Racist-Hunt-Saboteur-End-Student-Sexual-Harassment Alliance, looks at the issues behind the news.*

The totally sickening police brutality marred an otherwise peaceful protest march against the BNP fascist scum and in particular the so-called councillor Derek Goebbels showing once again the secret conspiracy that exists er... between the Nazis in the police force and their confrères within the judiciary not to mention the right-wing media which typically distorted the true events in an effort to show that the violence was entirely perpetrated by left-wing demonstrators against the police which it was er... but the presence of black policemen deliberately sent as a provocative gesture by the establishment inflamed the protestors and diverted them from their legal and peaceful aim of setting fire to the BNP bookshop and killing all the people in it er... as Lenin wrote

(cont p. 94)


LIZ
BY CUTTER PERKINS & RGJ
WEDDING GUESTS £30 EACH
CHAZZA HAD A MORE PRESSIN' ENGAGEMENT!
SHAGGIN' GLADYS?
BUCK NICE SOUVENIR MUG
NAA! IRONIN' HIS BASTAAD MONEY!
SNIFFA: IN THE LINE OF FIRE
SAY HARD CHEESE, SNIFFA!
TELLT CHEF TH' FROZEN TART'S OFF!
HAW HAW HAW!
GRR!
TEK £15 MARGE AN' IF THEY'RE STILL WED IN SIX MUNTHS AH'LL GIYAZ TH' OTHER HALF! CACKLE!
AT LEAST SHE'S A DECENT BINT NOT LIKE ONE'S FAT SLAG!
GIN
BEER MONEY
MIND AT LEAST SHE'S GERRIN UP EVEREST NOT SNOWDON!
BACK AT BUCK... CHAZZA, YA'S WOR INSIDE MAN FER DRAWERS AN' PLAYIN' AWAY! GORRANY TIPS?
POOLS
WELL, HE AALWE2 ENDS UP WI' A DIVVI!! FNARR FNARR!

APOLOGY

The Recession

From Mr Kenneth Clarke and others

Over the past year we in the government may have given the impression in our speeches and in leaks to the *Daily Mail* that the economic recovery was under way, round the corner, imminent and very definitely not a figment of our imagination. We furthermore may have implied that the recession was therefore over. Headlines such as "Clarke says recession over" may have added to this confusion.

We now realise that there was not a jot or scintilla of truth in this whatsoever and we would like to take this opportunity to apologise to the recession for the suggestion that it was in some way finished and regret any distress this may have caused ourselves.

K. Clarke
pp J. Major

MP GOES OUT WITH WOMAN

Morris Norris, has been seen "dating" a member of the opposite sex.

Mr Norris, 50, left his wife Cynthia 15 years ago and since then has had a string of three "dates", all of them with women.

Norris, 51, has a penchant for women younger than himself, with his latest companion a mere 48.

by Our Westminster Staff
Jack Nonstory

THE political world was rocked to its foundations last night by the revelation that a junior Tory minister, Mr

ON OTHER PAGES

Should this Stinking Hypocrite Resign? asks Peter McLie 10

Norris's Secretary – What She Would Look Like in Underwear 11-26

Why Oh Why It's Great that it's Raining writes **Paul Johnson** 6

"Hi, Honey, I'm home!"

That New-Look Rolling Radio 5

What You Will Hear

...and it's Pevsner in the number 5 shirt looking dangerous in front of goal... the Dollis Hill back four are standing like statues... there's Gary Gebler-Davies in the sweeper role... he's about to shoot and it's...

Newscaster: It's 3.47 and time to go over to our Foreign News Desk for a newsflash.

Reporter: And the news here in Athens is that Masoch may be about to pull of an extraordinary election coup. With only seven weeks to go before polling day, an opinion poll shows the former President Slapandtiklos 14 points ahead of his main rival, Col. Stassinopoulos...

Announcer: And now, before the weather forecast and traffic news, we go over to Kingston, Jamaica, for an update on the 3rd Test.

Brian Johnson: We welcome Radio 5 listeners to Test Match Special with the news that I have just been sent this delicious cannabis cake by a local listener, Mrs Rasta Fairyann. And it's a huge pink elephant taking the new ball at the pavilion end and... hold on... I think it's a flying saucer hovering just over square leg...

Announcer: It's 3.52 and time for another rolling newsflash from Brussels.

Reporter: Where the news is that the latest Council of Ministers' decision on the GATT round is that farm support prices in the sheepmeat sector may have to be reduced by another 21.6 per cent if agreement is to be reached at the crucial Geneva meeting next month.

Announcer: And now, at 3.54, we've just got time to pick up the latest score from the Australian Windsurfing Championships in Perth...

Australian Voice: And the Chinese team this year have really taken everyone by surprise. The women are particularly strong in all classes, especially the Synchronised Freestyle...

Announcer: And now, at 3.56, we've just got time before the News and Sport headlines at 4 o'clock for details of what you can hear on BBC Radio in the next hour.

Another Announcer: Radio Four is about to split into two wavebands. On FM you will hear nothing at all, except crackles. On Long Wave at 4.00 you can hear Children's Hour, which used to be here on Radio Five, now retitled Children's Five Minutes. Then, at 4.05, we have a repeat of last Tuesday's Does He Take Precautions?, the safe sex programme for the disabled community introduced by Libby Glibby, and a look ahead at what's on this evening's Radio Three.

Natalie Wheen: Hullo. On Radio Three this evening we shall be having a series of highlights from Classic FM, and at 9.45 the first full-length interview with the contemporary Polish composer Waldemar Ignatieff...

Announcer: And now, before the news headlines, we've just got time for a newsflash from the Radio Five Rolling Media Staff.

Reporter: And the news from here at Broadcasting House is that the BBC is going to launch a new network, Radio Six, which will consist entirely of complaints from listeners about what a balls-up we've made of all the other networks...

(Continued on 94 KHz FM and 994 KHz LW indefinitely)

Race for coalition

PAKISTAN'S rival leaders, Benazir Bhutto (right) and Nawaz Sharif, pressed ahead today with separate attempts to form a coalition after their election stalemate.

Manchester Evening News

BROMLEY HIGH SCHOOL
G.P.D.S.T.

OPEN DAY

Saturday, 9th October
9.30 a.m.-12.30 p.m.

1993 RESULTS — ACADEMIC EXCELLANCE AGAIN!

South London Press

***CUTTING HUMOUR*, a collection of the best boobs illustrated by Robert Thompson, is on sale now – £4.99**

POETRY CORNER

In Memoriam Andy Stewart

So farewell then
Andy Stewart
Of White Heather
Club fame.

Keith's Mum
Says that New
Year will never
Be the same
Again.

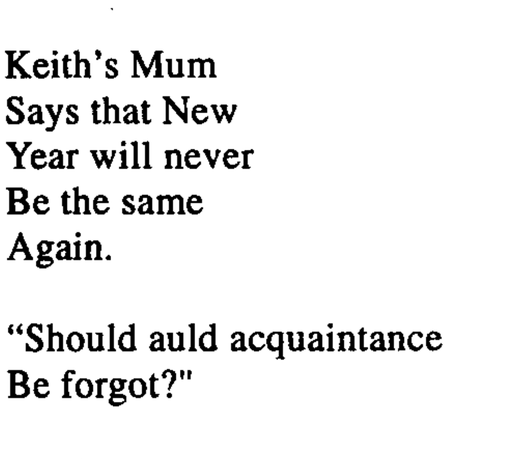
"Should auld acquaintance
Be forgot?"

Not in
Your case
We hope.

E.J. McThribb (17½)

This poem is being entered for the prestigious £5,000 T.S. Eliot Award and will be reprinted in the Independent along with some that are even worse.

EXCITING NEW FEATURE AS SEEN IN ALL NEWSPAPERS

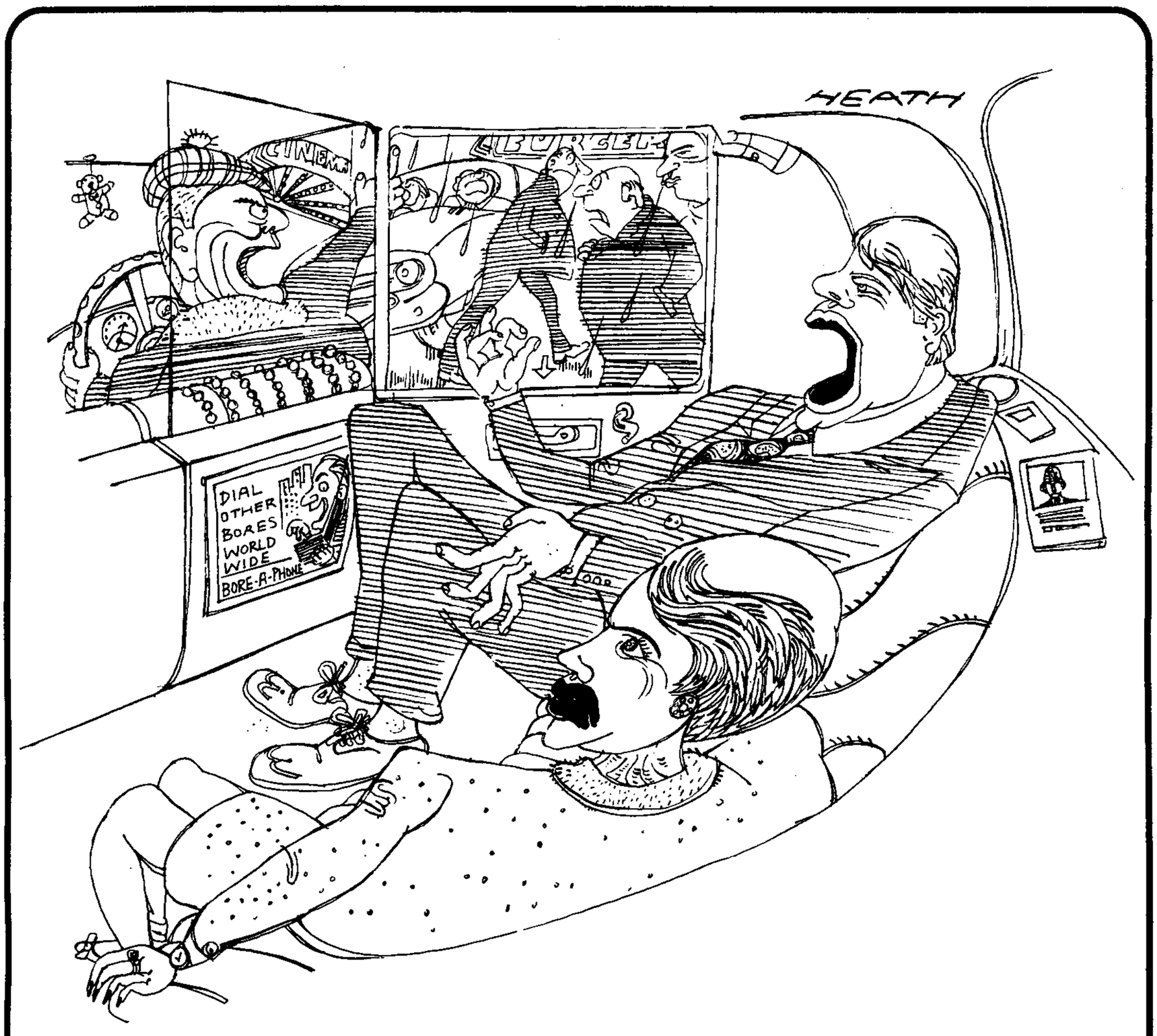


PRIVATE EYE

This week's £25 winning letter

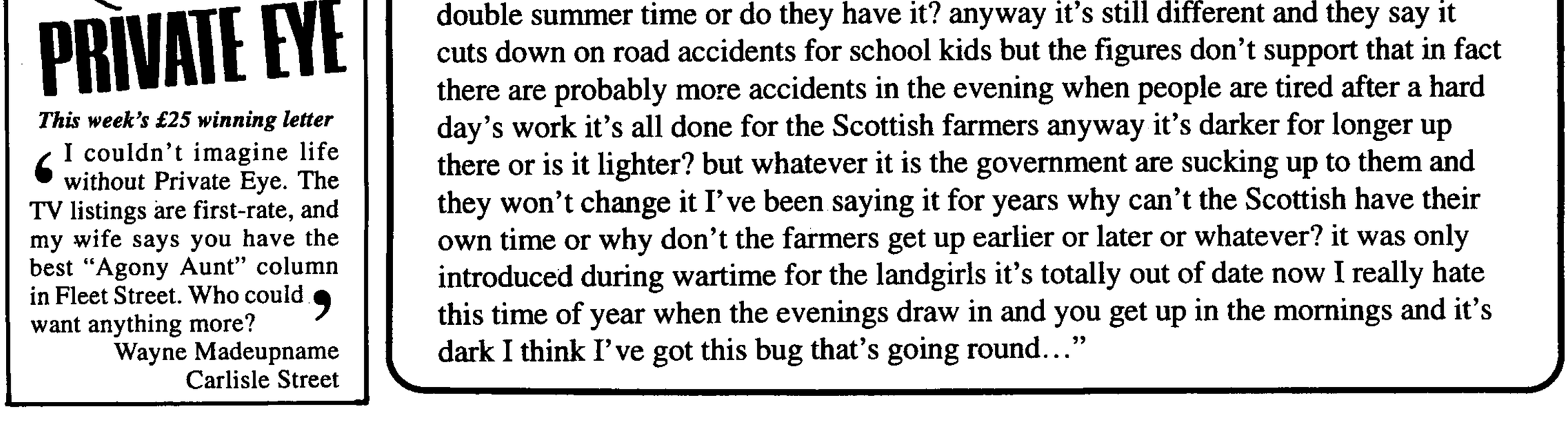
'I couldn't imagine life without Private Eye. The TV listings are first-rate, and my wife says you have the best "Agony Aunt" column in Fleet Street. Who could want anything more?'

Wayne Madeupname
Carlisle Street



Great Bores Of Today.

"… it makes no sense now we're in the Common Market why should we have double summer time or do they have it? anyway it's still different and they say it cuts down on road accidents for school kids but the figures don't support that in fact there are probably more accidents in the evening when people are tired after a hard day's work it's all done for the Scottish farmers anyway it's darker for longer up there or is it lighter? but whatever it is the government are sucking up to them and they won't change it I've been saying it for years why can't the Scottish have their own time or why don't the farmers get up earlier or later or whatever? it was only introduced during wartime for the landgirls it's totally out of date now I really hate this time of year when the evenings draw in and you get up in the mornings and it's dark I think I've got this bug that's going round…"


THESE NEWSPAPER REVELATIONS THAT GARY GLITTER IS IN FACT BALD AS A COOT.. IT'S TAKEN ME TOTALLY BY SURPRISE...
WELL IT'S BEEN A CLOSELY GUARDED SECRET FOR YEARS...
SO YOU'RE BALD. SO WHAT?
I MEAN, IT'S NOTHING TO BE ASHAMED ABOUT IS IT?
NO. I WAS JUST UPSET AT THE WAY IT CAME OUT, THAT'S ALL.
IN HUGE CLUMPS? SUDDENLY OVERNIGHT?
MY ANALYST SAYS I'VE COPED VERY WELL WITH IT...

THE SUNDAY TIMES

A Grave Threat to our Freedom

THE DECISION by the Appeal Court to sanction the theft of the Thatcher Memoirs by the *Daily Mirror* poses the most serious threat ever to our ancient laws of copyright and confidence. If any newspaper is able to steal material which is rightfully in the copyright of another paper then what protection is left for the writer? How can he stop his material being pilfered, pirated and purloined by newspapers lacking any moral scruples whose sole purpose is to increase their own profits by means of what are no less than criminal acts?

To claim that the Thatcher Memoirs had been acquired by "normal journalistic means" is a grotesque lie. To further claim that these memoirs were somehow in the public domain beggars belief. Let us be clear, the *Daily Mirror* has blatantly stolen what rightfully belongs to Mr Rupert Murdoch through his publishing house Harper-Bollocks and his news group Filth Inter-national. If this disgusting precedent is allowed to be established in law then who would be safe from theft? Not even the Monarch herself, we suggest.

What is to stop, for example, an irresponsible newspaper group from gaining possession of, say, the text of the Queen's Christmas speech in advance and splashing it all over the front of the *Sun*? Could the editor of the *Sun* not then also claim public interest in his defence.

It is a disgrace *(cont p. 94)*

On Other Pages

- How dare anyone do this to nice Mr Murdoch? asks Paul Johnson 21
- A bad decision for the Press, writes Peter Cole, Murdoch Professor of Journalism, University of Wapping 28
- Incomprehensible cartoon by Scarfe 36

EMPEROR'S NEW COLLECTION WOWS FASHION WORLD

Milan, Tuesday

THERE were gasps around the catwalk yesterday as the Emperor revealed his new clothes to a stunned audience in his sensational new Autumn show.

Called the "See Through" collection and starting at $57 million per item, the new couture drew plaudits from the assembled fashion critics.

"Quite brilliant," said *Vogue*'s Nikki Coleridge; "Wonderful," said *Harpers*' Vikki Noods; "Can I have all the advertising to put in my magazine, please?" said all the other editors.

Everyone agreed that the clothes really are dazzling with a totally original approach to fabric, er... colour, er... design, er... well, you know, they are the Emperor's, they must be marvellous.

"Women everywhere will want to wear my clothes," said the Emperor. "They are incredibly versatile and practical and yet they are still the ultimate fashion statement."

Waif your money goodbye

There was a minor incident at the Palazzo Contricciano when a small boy in the crowd suggested to the Emperor that he did not have any new clothes at all.

The boy was shouted down by the assembled designers, experts, buyers, supermodels, journalists, celebrities. Said one silly woman with too much money: "If the Emperor is not a genius, I'll eat this invisible hat I've just bought from him."

Kate Moss is 11-7-9.

THE BBC PRESENTS

THE END OF CIVILISATION

A Personal View by KENNETH CLARKE

(Vivaldi-style music. Cut to shot of man in crumpled suit standing smoking in front of large pile of nonexistent money)

Clarke: What could be less agreeable than this huge £50 billion deficit?

(Cut to shot of Alan Clark standing in front of mini-skirted typist)

Clark: What could be more agreeable than this fantastic bit of crackling?

(Cut to shot of Lord Clark turning in his grave)

NEW FROM GNOME-TEL

A Tribute To The Lovable Scotsman Who Won English Hearts

ANDY

Album includes hits such as:

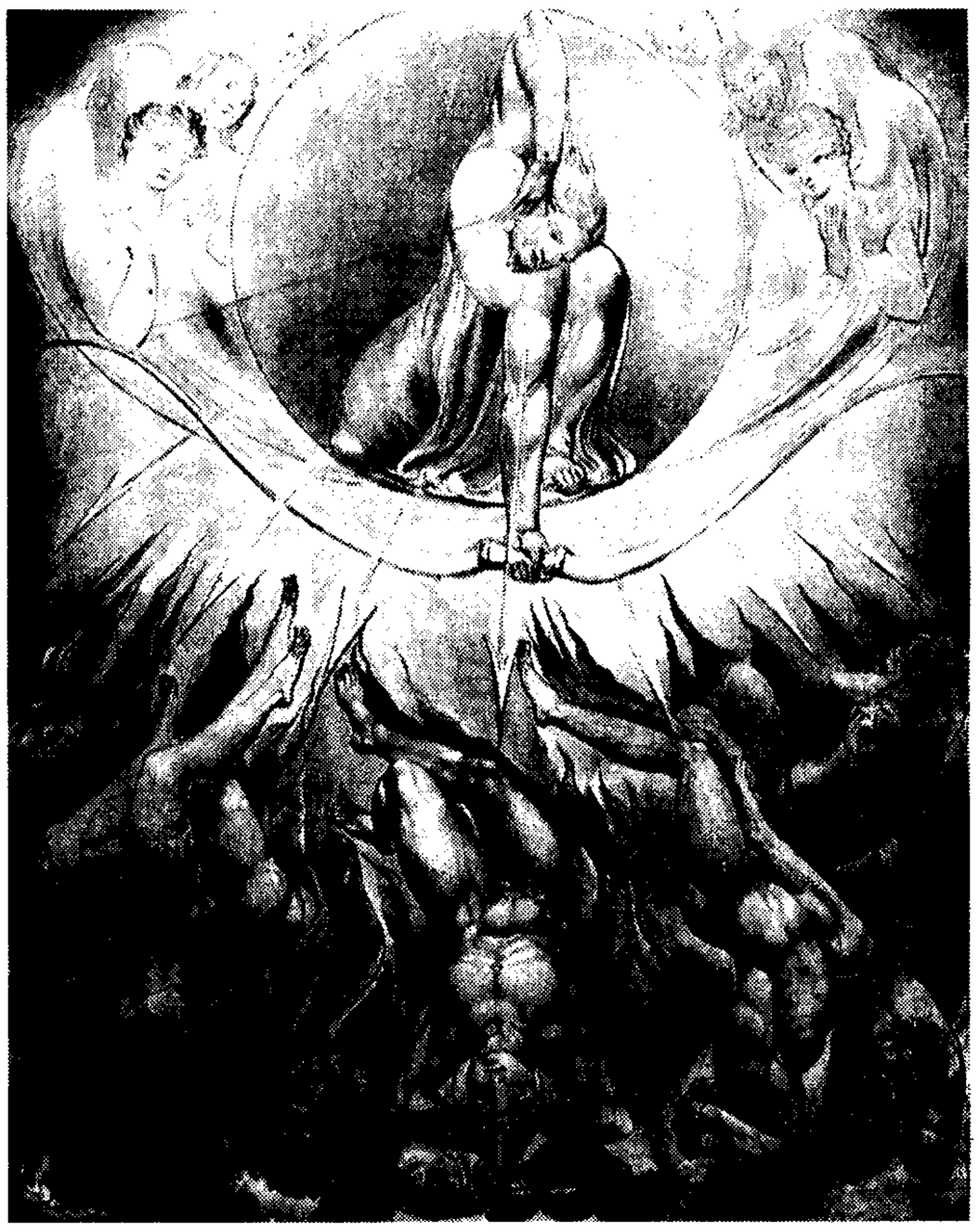
- **Donald Trelford Where's Yer Troosers?**
  - The Sky-TV Boat Song
- **I Belong to Rupert Murdoch**
  - Scottish Editor (There Was A)
- **The Cameras Are Coming**
  - You Take The Highbrow (And I'll Take The Lowbrow)
- **A-Roamin' in Tramp**
  - My Love Is Like An Asian Babe *(shurely 'Red Red Rose'? — Ed.)*

All these and many more from the man who, following in the footsteps of the great Sir Harry Evans, took the Sunday Times into the hearts and homes of a grateful nation.

Send money now to: Old Brilloffer, Wapping, London

Starting today — exclusively in Private Eye — the most sensational book of all time

GOD
The Memoirs



Howe are the mighty fallen

For millions of years God has kept quiet about what really went on behind the clouds. But now, at last, in his eagerly awaited memoirs, the Supreme Ruler of the Universe reveals himself as never before in a series of frank assessments of some of those who were closest to him during his millions of years in power — from the early days when he formed the world to the present day, when no one believes in him any more.

The Day Lucifer Betrayed Me

I ALWAYS had a high regard for Lucifer and promoted him to Archangel very shortly after the beginning of time. He had many outstanding qualities, and handled the Creation Portfolio with great skill and diplomacy. He was, however, ambitious — which I always saw as something of a flaw in a senior member of the Host. As time went on, Lucifer came to believe that he was indispensable, a dangerous failing in any eternal being.

I remember he came to me shortly after we produced our first White Paper on the creation of the Garden of Eden Development. He told me then that he wanted to be known as Deputy God, and demanded additional Seraphim to attend him at his celestial dwelling.

I was astonished, as he was already perfectly well supplied with seraphim, cherubim, thrones, dominions and powers.

He was plainly disappointed when I initially turned down his request, although, in order to mollify him, I agreed to a further meeting on Cloud Nine later in that Millennium.

Imagine my amazement when I heard that he had appeared at a mass meeting of angels to explain that he had resigned from my service.

He then launched out on an extraordinary speech, full of bile and treachery. He said that he had for a long time been finding it increasingly difficult to support my policies — in particular the so-called Ten Commandments.

Using the analogy of the game of cricket, which I had not yet invented, he said that working for me was "like a batsman being told by his captain to bowl googlies with his pads on".

The traitor ended by inviting all his fellow archangels to "consider their positions", which was a clear incitement to revolt.

I told him that, if that was what he thought, he could "go to hell" — which he promptly did. It was a sad end to our long working partnership, and a sorry conclusion to a promising career in heavenly life.

The Day I Was Betrayed By Adam

MANY people said at the time that I was quite wrong to give my backing to Adam, whom I had created from nothing at an early stage in my administration.

They were quite wrong. In the beginning Adam did everything I told him, and was plainly head and shoulders above the beasts of the field.

Aware that he needed to gain administrative experience, I put Adam in charge of naming the animals — "cat", "dog", "giraffe", "bastard".

When I saw this, I said it was good. It was only later that I was to be sadly disillusioned by Adam, when he became flagrantly disobedient to my will and began to flout my orders.

What became known as the "Gardengate" episode was the turning point. Adam had begun to drift intellectually, and was floating with the liberal tide.

He fell under the influence of advisers such as Norman Serpent. And, when he fell for the wiles of the so-called "Euro-snake", I realised that he had let me down in the most treacherous fashion.

He was weak, vacillating and not up to the job. Typically, when things began to go wrong, he tried to put the blame on his wife and the media.

He even claimed that my years in power had not been a "golden age" at all. He told everyone that he was his "own man". It was a very sad end to a promising career in heavenly life.

NEXT WEEK: Lord Noah — what a washout. Moses — hopeless. Abraham — weak-willed. Job — a whinger.

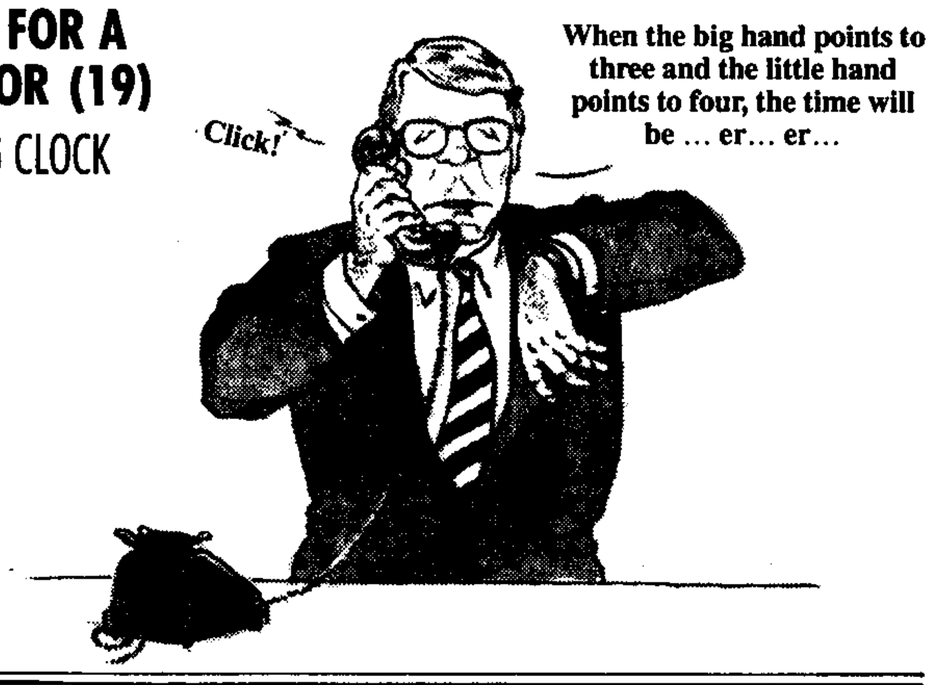
© Harper-Gnome 1993.

Adam: a few apples short of a Tree of Knowledge

God: No one measured up

101 USES FOR A JOHN MAJOR (19)

A SPEAKING CLOCK



PETER McLIE

The World's Worst Columnist

Hasn't the weather been marvellous recently? Talk about an Indian summer — clear nights, long sunlit days, and the temperature soaring into the 80s.

I put it down to this global warming they're all talking about.

But no doubt we shall soon hear the moaning minnies calling for rain.

Some people are never satisfied!

● *You don't hear much about Mrs Thatcher nowadays.*

Isn't it a shame?

I for one would love to know what she thinks of her successor.

I have an idea for the lady.

Why doesn't she write down all her thoughts and put them in a book?

It would make a grand read, wouldn't it? And it might make her a few bawbees into the bargain.

But no doubt the publishing fraternity would be too frightened that she might say something controversial.

Isn't life grand?

● My friend Andrew Wilson went to see this new film about a monster fish from the deep.

He tells me it is called *Jurassic Shark*.

Apparently it is very frightening and I would recommend strongly that wee bairns should not be permitted to see it.

Whatever will they think of next? A huge gorilla standing on the Empire State Building?

Isn't it one of the most amazing things in life when you get to the railway station and find there is no shop selling ties?

Here's my idea for Sir Peter Parker.

Why not open a shop on every station selling only ties?

And I've even thought of a name for it. Sock Shop.

Isn't life dandy when you're wearing a bonny new tie?

(Brilliant stuff — you are my idea of a great journalist. B. Pad-Ed.)

Exclusive to Hellocriminalsdoyouwantsomemoney? Magazine

THE RADIANT FERGIE IN LOVELY NEPAL

Dateline Phakding

The Duchess of York was looking relaxed and fat *(shurely 'fit'? — Ed.)* as she attempted her epic ascent of the world's highest mountain — the mountain of bad publicity she's received over the last few years.

"I'm going to conquer it," she told our *Hello!* sycophant (*surely 'reporter'? — Ed.*). "It's the ultimate challenge. I'm going to get on top of it and prove that I'm not some useless freeloader who is always going on trips to places like Nepal."

Social climbing expert Nigel Pratt-Dumpster, leader of a recent expedition up the dreaded James Goldsmiths Passage, stressed how difficult Fergie's task was. "The pile of press cuttings is 12 miles high. It's going to be tough all the way, particularly surmounting the dangerous Johnny Bryant Column. I wish her luck."

When asked finally why she wanted to climb this personal Everest, the Duchess smiled her beautiful smile and said simply: "Because ITN is there." H

© HelloCelebritiesdoyouwantosellyourhousethroughus? Magazine

"I'll call you back in twenty minutes when the restaurant is crowded"

HUGE JOB LOSSES IN CIVIL SERVICE AS CLARKE WIELDS AXE

by our Whitehall **Lunchtime O'Fficial**

MILLIONS of civil servants are not to lose their jobs as the Government plans the biggest ever reduction in public spending.

But Whitehall will not be exempt as billions of pounds are wiped off spending on the Health Service, the armed forces, public transport and single parent mothers (*Don't you just hate them? © P. Lilley, M. Portillo etc.*)

It was announced that there will be a savage cut of no less than one job in the whole of Whitehall. Mr Malcolm Velcro, 58, an Assistant Deputy Controller in the Filing Cabinet and Clipboard Inspectorate of the Department of Overmanning, is to take early retirement in 1998.

"Make no mistake about it," said Mr Kenneth Clarke yesterday, "there will be blood on the carpet as I get really tough with these bureaucrats."

Late last night, however, Mr Velcro announced that he had appealed to the Clipboard Appeals Tribunal presided over by Mr Justice Velcro (relation) who found that the decision to make Mr Velcro redundant was "a vicious and totally unwarranted attack on a vital public service".

Mr Clarke immediately accepted the judge's ruling, announcing that Mr Velcro had been reinstated with an increase in salary of 16.4 per cent.

The saving, he explained, would easily be made by laying off another 2,500 nurses and disbanding the Somerset, Hampshire and Staffordshire Armoured Light Infantry Artillery Battalion.

World of Violence

I BLAME HITLER – TAYLOR LASHES OUT

The world of soccer was rocked to its foundations last night when England soccer supremo Graham Taylor pointed the finger at Adolf Hitler and said: "This man has put us out of the World Cup."

Mr Taylor, whose England side had crashed 2-0 to the Dutch national team, was clearly fuming as he faced reporters after the match.

by **E.I. Littlejohn**, Our Man In Rotterdam With His Bomber Jacket Over His Head And A Police Dog Attached To His Leg

Dutchland Über Us

"The choice of a German referee meant we had no chance from the beginning. Every time Holland scored he allowed the goal to stand. Except once." Mr Taylor continued: "He also allowed all eleven Dutch players to remain on the field. If he'd sent them all off, our lads would have had a much better chance."

Setting fire to a German flag, the England manager concluded: "There is only one explanation for our defeat. And that is that Hitler is alive and well, wearing a black shirt and blowing his whistle."

Late Score

Final Leg World Cup Qualifier

England	0
Lanzarote	398

(Referee Mr B. Mussolini)

Asked how Mr Norris was coping with the publicity, Mr Ashton said: "He is remaining cheerful. He's keeping his pecker up."

Daily Express

Earlier this week, a former chief superintendent of the drugs squad, Edward Ellison, called for legalisation of drugs in the Daily Telegraph.

Grauniad

The Eye salutes 50 years of Blue Peter

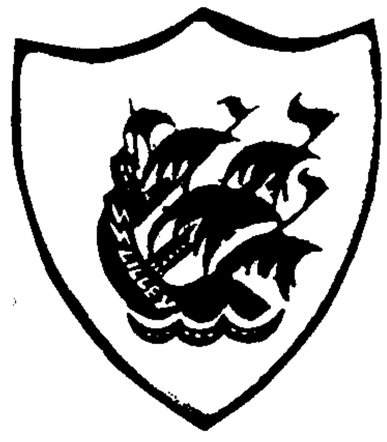
YES! It's hard to believe but one of the nation's least-loved institutions, Blue Peter Lilley, is celebrating his half century!

Fifty years of childish rubbish and he's still going strong! Of course there have been changes as new presenters of policy have come and gone but Blue Peter has remained the same: the same unpopular blend of smugness, self-righteousness and extreme vindictiveness that has endeared him to no generations at all.

Make no mistake! Blue Peter will be remembered for encouraging children to get out of the home by penalising their mothers and cutting their benefit!

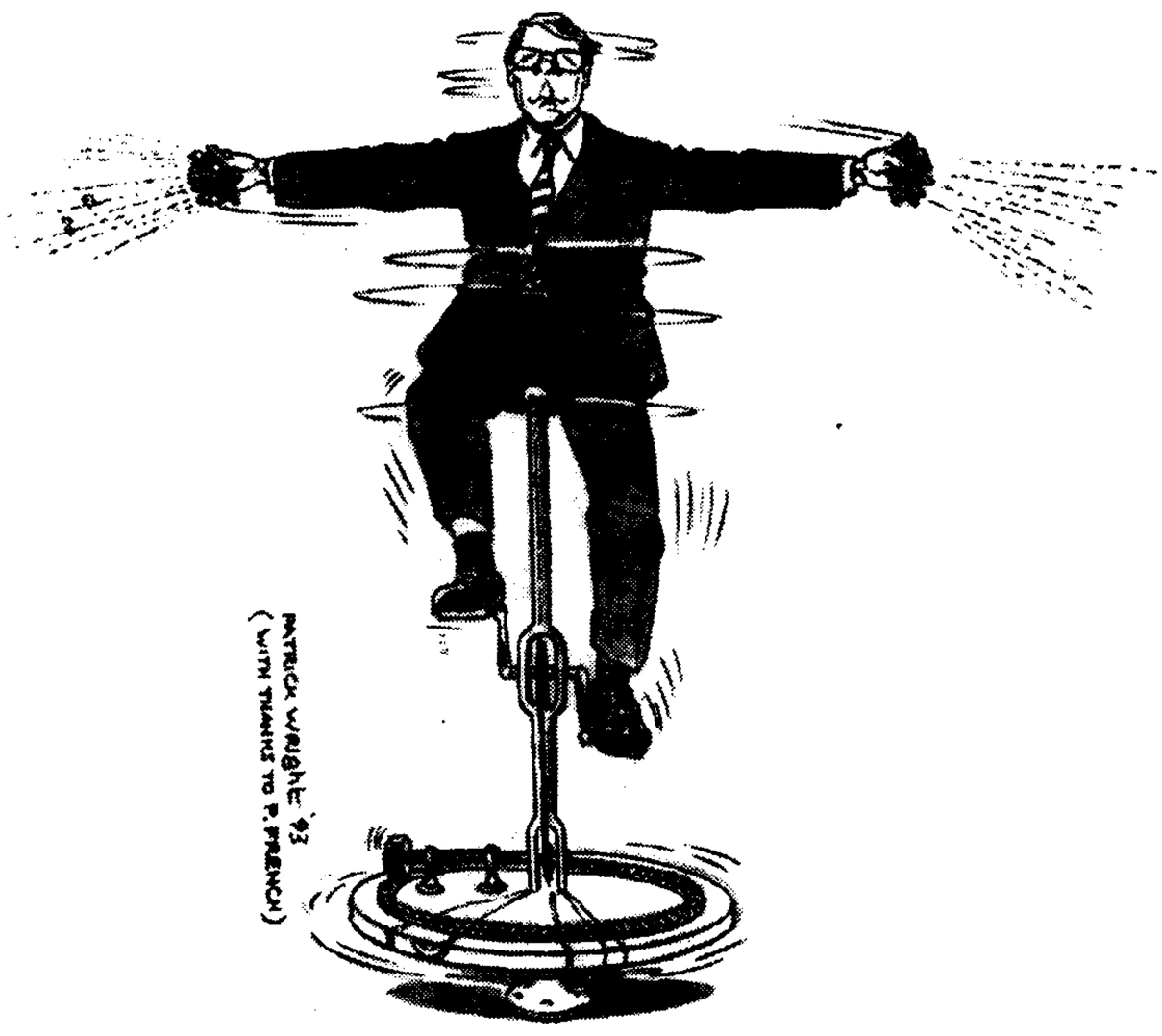
Do you remember these incredible Blue Peter landmarks?

- **Climbing up Mrs Thatcher's Bottom.**
- **Trying to raise £330 million for the DHSS which he had lost through incompetence.**
- **Starting the Blue Peter Appeal (current status: He hasn't got any.)**
- **His love of animals, including lap dog Portillo, poodle Howard and fat cat Lamont.**
- **His famous catchphrase:** ***"Here's a statistic I made up earlier."***
- **The Famous Blue Peter Lilley Badge** *(That's quite enough of Peter Lilley — Ed.)*



101 USES FOR A JOHN MAJOR (20)

A SALAD SHAKER



Literary Review

Penile servitude

The Bridges of Madison County
Robert James Waller
(Minerva paperback, £3.99)

WOMEN, observes a Russian proverb, have long hair but short brains. It must be true. Here's the proof.

You thought women were becoming smarter, men nicer, things fairer all around? No, no, no. How could you have been so silly?

The Bridges of Madison County is a monstrously successful book. It's been the bestseller in the States for a year now. Its publisher there believes it will be the biggest selling hardback of all time, shifting four million copies. In Britain, it was published last year as *Love in Black and White* by the hapless Sinclair-Stevenson and it flopped. This time around the hype has hit home. It's already a bestseller and it's going to get worse. Your mother's going to read it.

This is the perfect cult book — basically, it's *Jonathon Livingston Seagull* humps an *Edwardian Country Lady*. The story is cretinously simple. If you don't know about it already, you're going to soon, whether you like it or not. In 1965, a 52-year-old photographer, philosopher and all-round wonder called Robert Kincaid meets a 42-year-old woman of Italian extraction, called Francesca, in rural Iowa. Her husband, a dork-brained farmer, is off on a business trip. So Robert bangs her blind for four days. Then he tactfully clears off and she piously resumes her life as a housewife and drudge.

In 1989, after they're all conveniently dead, Francesca's children find her mementoes of the affair and realise that this was the love of her life. And, though they never met again, it turns out she was the love of his life too. Well, well! Awfully, sad, eh?

It's an astonishingly simple male fantasy. The woman, Francesca, is hardly characterised at all, except by her nipples and her fantastic adulation of the man. Having had a four-day ration of a real hunk, she dutifully goes back to serve out a life sentence with her dreary family. Still, even a nibble of something as tasty as that should keep her going for the rest of her days, eh? And grateful with it, too, obviously.

The man, Robert, on the other hand, is attentively idolised throughout the book. This is a wee bit embarrassing because he so clearly represents the author himself. Robert James Waller and Robert Kincaid are both in their early fifties, the same height and build, with the same habits (smokers, joggers, vegetarian). Just to make sure you get the point, the book is illustrated with photographs of some crappy old bridges in Madison County which Kincaid takes in the book but which were actually taken by Waller himself.

Kincaid is portrayed as the greatest guy who ever lived. "At 52 his body was all lean muscle, muscle that moved with the kind of intensity and power that comes only to men who work hard and take care of themselves", for starters. He's a trojan in the sack, naturally, as a former girlfriend is wheeled on to testify: "Invariably, after they'd completed their lovemaking and were lying together, she'd tell him, 'You're the best, Robert, no competition, nobody even close.' " And he cleans the bath afterwards too.

Waller has got just enough nous to master the Cellini trick — instead of boasting how wonderful you are yourself, you slyly report how bloody wonderful everybody else thinks you are. Francesca is good value in this respect. The daft bint thinks to herself: "There was a gazellelike quality about him, though she could tell he was strong in a supple way. Maybe he was more like a leopard than a gazelle. Yes. Leopard, that was it." Later, she simply says: "He was real, more real than anything she'd ever known."

Finally, when they get down to it, she informs him: "Robert, you're so powerful it's frightening." And then we get this: "The leopard swept over her, again and again and yet again, like a long prairie wind, and rolling beneath him, she rode on that wind like some temple virgin toward the sweet, compliant fires marking the soft curve of oblivion... She, who had ceased having orgasms years ago, had them in long sequences now..." Of course she did, of course she did, billions of them. In fact, "it went on for days, almost without stopping".

Less happily Waller tries to show what a great poet and sage this man is by quoting him directly. So the prannet gets to say things such as: "Like two solitary birds flying the great prairies by celestial reckoning, all of these years and lifetimes we have been moving toward one another." He also keeps lecturing away on the theme that "male hormones are the ultimate cause of trouble on this planet". Part of his supreme attractiveness to women is that he himself is "hard... hard, physically", he also knows that in future men are going to have to be different and wear sandals.

Meanwhile, here he is, "one of the last cowboys", as he plonkingly describes himself. The message from Waller is that they don't make them like me any more, so get it while you can.

For what women want, if only they knew it, is a really good, thorough, old-fashioned shafting. "She had become a woman again," says Francesca, when she gets hers. "He was an animal. A graceful, hard, male animal who did nothing overtly to dominate her yet dominated her completely, in the exact way she wanted that to happen at this moment."

And you got to let them wild animals roam free, ain't yer? "Don't you see, I love you so much that I cannot think of restraining you for a moment. To do that would be to kill the wild magnificent animal that is you, and the power would die with it", the birdbrain tells the leopard (all the dialogue is that wooden, by the way).

So *The Bridges of Madison County* sets the relations between the sexes back about 30 years, before feminism had begun to bite. It's hardly surprising that Waller should have written it. But it's a little depressing that so many female dupes should have bought it. Women, eh? *Women*. But there you go. A chicken is not a bird and a woman is not a human being. Russian proverb.

BOOKS & BOOKMEN

■ HARPERCOLLINS' chief executive Eddie Bell is determined, even if it takes him five years, to find out who slipped the *Daily Mirror* an advance copy of *The Downing Street Years* for £10,000 — thus enabling the *Mirror* to urinate from a great height on the *Sunday Times*, which had paid rather more for exclusive serial rights.

When the court of appeal upheld two high court rulings that the *Mirror*'s 300-word extracts were in the public interest, an exasperated Bell hurtled back from the Frankfurt book fair to try to restore confidence. Previously, Manchester's former deputy chief constable John Stalker had been overseeing the book's "security". Eddie appointed a firm of private dicks who have been hanging out on the fourth floor of the HarperCollins building in Hammersmith. Watch this space...

● TITTLE tattle from Frankfurt. Because Sonia Land, ex-chief executive of HarperCollins, has just been appointed non-executive director of Mirror Group Newspapers, publishers are trying to pin the blame on her. Entirely untrue.

■ FRESH FROM marketing the Thatcher memoirs, the Dirty Digger's HarperCollins imprint is launching a similar exercise in mega-hype next month for *The Willows in Winter*, a sequel to *The Wind in the Willows* written by William Horwood, author of the interminable "Duncton Wood" series of novels about moles. "Once in a lifetime comes a book with the appeal of *The Wind in the Willows*," gushes the blurb. "Now it has happened twice."

This has come as a surprise to Dixon Scott, who in 1983 wrote a similar sequel, *A Fresh Wind in the Willows*. He was even more surprised when he read in the *Independent* recently that, in Horwood's new novel, Toad steals a Bleriot plane and crashes it. This was also the plot of *A Fresh Wind in the Willows*. Scott is now preparing to sue both Horwood and HarperCollins.

The lawsuit is likely to prove rather embarrassing for the Digger and his minions. For Dixon Scott's novel was also published by an imprint of... HarperCollins.

■ **LITERARY liggers and lickspittles attending the Booker prize ceremony in London next week should brace themselves for an unwelcome visit from some real people: the Middlebrook mushroom women.**

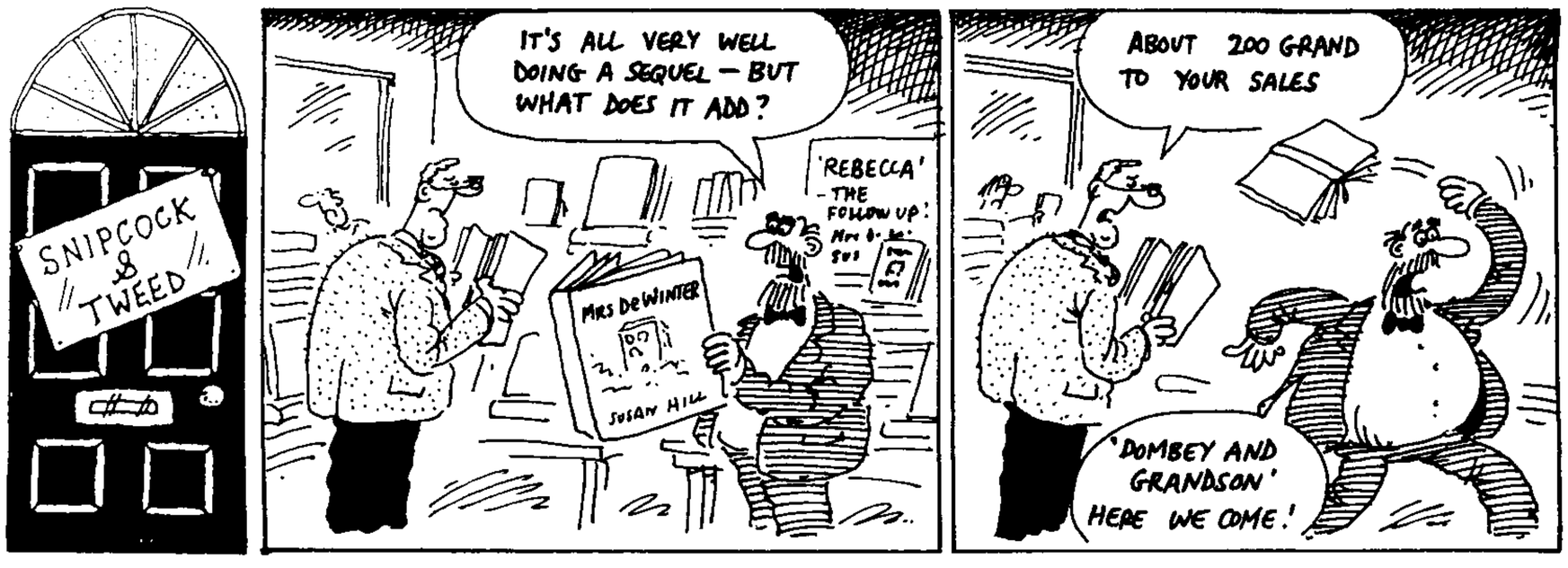
The 89 mushroom pickers (see *Eye* 826) were summarily sacked by Booker's subsidiary, Middlebrooks, for refusing to work "voluntary" overtime during a pay dispute. Having spent 11 months on the picket line, the women have produced their own book, which they will hand out to guests at the bunfight on 26 October.

According to *Our Bitter Harvest*, described as "a prize alternative Booker book", the aim is "to embarrass a company that prides itself on sponsoring culture, whilst it undermines the culture of our local town and villages." But is Booker or any of its prize authors and guests capable of embarrassment?

■ *OF THE SIX shortlisted Booker prize titles, the choice of Lord Gowrie, chairman of the judges, is known to be The Stone Diaries by Carol Shields. A modest flutter at William Hill might seem in order.*

Publisher Fourth Estate has enraged the big paperback houses by deciding to bring the book out itself in paperback next June, turning down six-figure offers from the conglomerates. Bully for Fourth Estate.

'Bookworm'


SNIPCOCK & TWEED
IT'S ALL VERY WELL DOING A SEQUEL — BUT WHAT DOES IT ADD?
'REBECCA' - THE FOLLOW UP!
MRS DE WINTER
SUSAN HILL
ABOUT 200 GRAND TO YOUR SALES
'DOMBEY AND GRANDSON' HERE WE COME!

In the City

"THINK OF US as indivisible" was the confident assessment of "Tiny" Rowland when he welcomed his £50 million benefactor, mysterious German businessman Dieter Bock, aboard Lonrho as joint chief executive in February this year. But that was then and this is now... and the indivisibles look set to become the irreconcilables.

If not this week over Bock's proposed "non-negotiable" non-executive directors, then in the near future there is going to be blood all over the Lonrho executive suite as Bock — "I cannot see the possibility of any conflict of interest between us" — makes his long planned bid for boardroom power.

Appointment of the two non-executive directors (due to be decided soon after the *Eye* goes to press) looks increasingly like a trap deliberately set by Bock to flush out and crush Rowland — "He is almost like a son."

That such filial disloyalty can emerge so soon is the measure of Rowland's misjudgment of the previously unknown Frankfurt property man and tax lawyer — "I have every confidence that Mr Bock and I will work together happily."

Just as he did nine years ago over Mohammed Fayed, who was conjured up among similar protestations of mutual undying admiration and loyalty to help solve the impasse over House of Fraser, Rowland seems to have misread the unassuming, deferential Dieter and underestimated his ambitions. Ambitions which can more easily be realised when you are able to buy out half the Rowland stake. Ambitions to realise more of Lonrho's assets or to solicit a takeover and a substantial profit.

Selling the near 30 percent of House of Fraser and a subsequent 6 percent to Fayed was a fatal error for which Rowland and Lonrho have been paying lawyers millions ever since in a vain bid to correct. Providing Bock with his powerbase in December 1992 looks like another.

And just as Fayed began plotting to take over the Harrods group as soon as he had the Lonrho stake — a goal he achieved within six months — so the indivisible Bock was manoeuvring to seize power at Lonrho as soon as he got his feet under the board room table. It now looks like he never had any intention of politely waiting the three- to five-year decent interval for Rowland to step down that was forecast on his arrival. But then maybe he quickly realised that Rowland may have cashed in half his shares but still intended to keep all his power. Autocrats don't suddenly become democrats at 75.

So while Rowland — "Mr Bock and I are like-minded" — played African peacemaker, Bock took care of business: getting to know Lonrho and the strengths and weaknesses of not just the company but its executives, building a case for when he was ready to make his move. He was also cosying up to the City, to Lonrho's few institutional shareholders and to selected City editors.

By early summer Bock — "There is no potential conflict" — was ready. His advisers began dropping in carefully chosen ears the word that Bock was fighting Rowland over asset disposals. The *Observer*, a Brussels property, the Krupps-Lonrho stake were all described as deals forced through by Bock against Rowland's objections.

Then in recent weeks the message from the Bock camp changed. Well before it was announced that Bock wanted two hand-picked non-executives on the board, to swing more votes his way, the word was that the new man was looking for a fight and confident that he could win it. Confidence increased by stories, eagerly passed on by Bock supporters, that Rowland had been unable to raise £150-200 million to buy Bock out and that he was under financial pressure due to heavy personal borrowings. The Bock camp was peddling these stories in private while proclaiming harmony in public.

With the press primed, the institutions on-side and the once feared Rowland army of small shareholders demoralised by last year's dividend cut, Bock was ready to spring his trap. Bock and his advisers knew that Rowland was certain to rise to the bait of the non-executive appointments. Ever since he was almost sacked by the "straight eight" 20 years ago, Rowland has never allowed outside non-executive appointments.

In the current climate, high on corporate governance, opposing such appointments is to rival Canute with City opinion, not that Rowland has many supporters there. And if the shareholders' choice was between Rowland staying or Bock going and taking the share price with him — from 125p towards the below 60p before he arrived, the odds would be against Rowland repeating his famous 1973 victory at an extraordinary meeting.

Confident of either finding enough directors with an eye to their future to support him or winning on a shareholder vote, Bock — "We have identical interests" — has pressed the button to move up his takeover by several years.

Even if peace breaks out this week it will only be cosmetic, for the cracks inside Cheapside House have become chasms. Either Rowland must buy out Bock — said to have borrowed at least two thirds of his £135 million investment for 19%, but already looking at a £44 million profit — or Bock is likely to force out/buy out Rowland's remaining 9 percent over which he already has an option. Lonrho is no longer big enough for both of them.

CAPTAINS of industry are sensitive souls, especially when it comes to what the papers say. Evidence of extreme sensitivity has recently been displayed by two *Eye* favourites whose grip on corporate power is fast fading: Cyril Stein of Ladbroke and Lord Stevens at United Newspapers.

Last month Ladbroke rushed to court to obtain an injunction preventing the *Mail on Sunday* publishing an unflattering item on the Stein empire. Not content with this triumph for free speech, Ladbroke's ham-fisted lawyers a week later informed rival Sunday newspapers of the injunction, thereby alerting the hacks to what was otherwise known only to the *MoS*. Result: fevered speculation about the *MoS* story and a sharp drop in the Ladbroke share price.

On 10 October the *MoS* published its story after obtaining a lifting of the injunction. The result: Ladbroke shares went up. Why? Because the story turned out to be an all but impenetrable damp squib about Ladbroke's dealings with a Dutch bank which made the injunction seem an over-reaction.

But the Ladbroke story seen by most *MoS* readers contained an interesting change from the first edition. The original final three paragraphs were excised. These declared that Stein had been "pressured" into bringing forward his resignation as chairman and chief executive because institutional investors "had become increasingly concerned about Stein's slurring of words and erratic behaviour". "Stein being unwell was the final straw," a Ladbroke adviser was quoted as saying.

Clearly the reason these disturbing comments were removed was because they were completely untrue and have absolutely no connection with the original Ladbroke decision to seek an injunction. However, such false statements will do little to quell speculation as to why such a hands-on control freak as Cyril Stein should suddenly up and go after weeks of denying that he was intending to leave.

Late that same Saturday night strange things were also happening at the *Sunday Express*. Early editions of its main City page carried a prominent article on Grand Metropolitan and the row over "unfair and unlawful" rents charged to its Inntrepreneur publicans. Grand Met was said to be facing "multi-million pound legal actions".

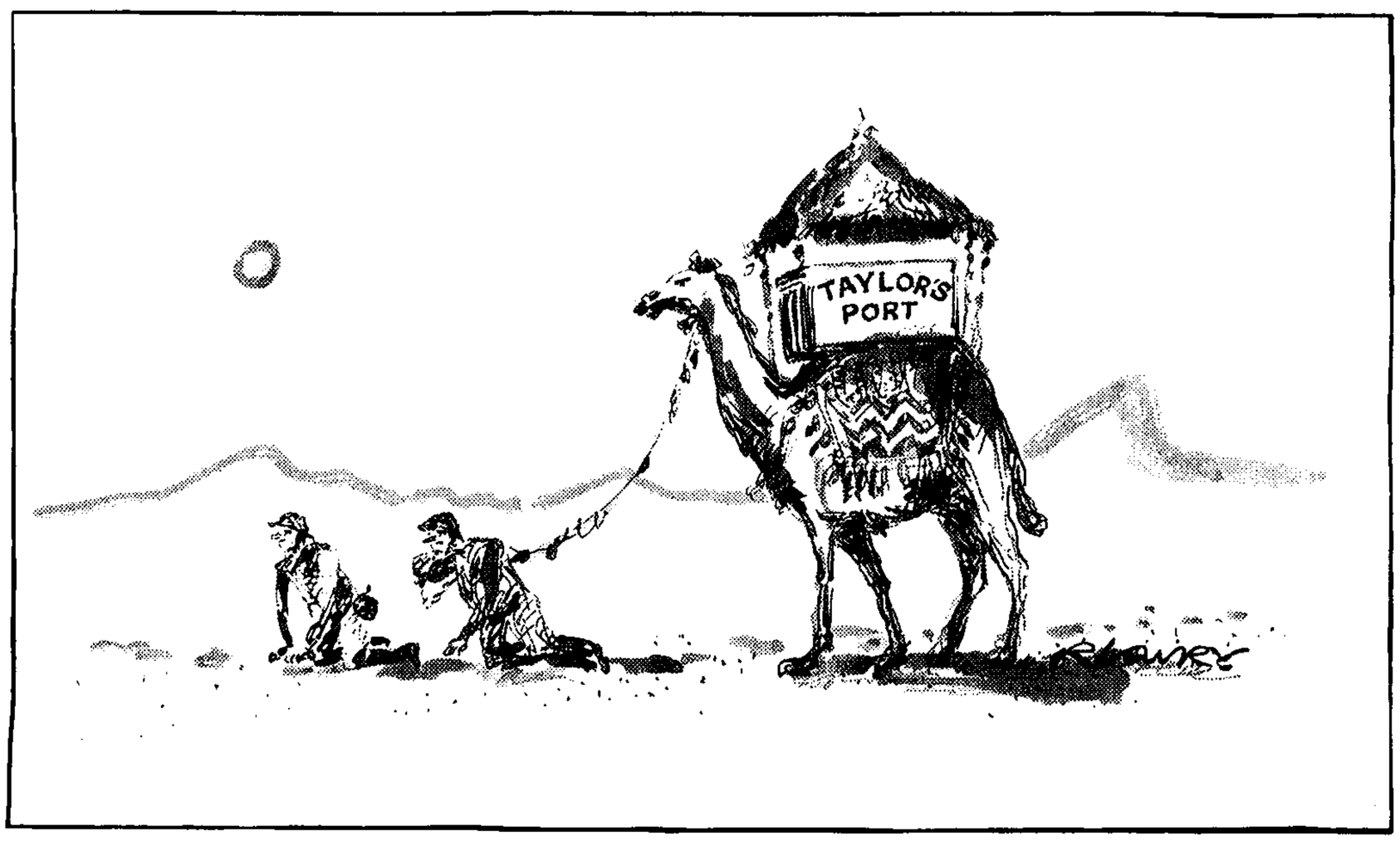
That was until Lord Stevens came on the telephone demanding the story's removal. It was replaced with an innocuous item.

Why was the little man so interested? George Bull, the newly elected chief executive of Grand Met, was appointed a non-executive director of United Newspapers, owners of the *Sunday Depress*, in May. With Stevens' own position as chairman not secure he clearly feels the last thing to do is alienate a potential boardroom ally. Which may also explain why an earlier item about the Inntrepreneur row did not appear in the United-owned *Daily Star*.

Ironically the *Sunday Depress* had been the first to highlight Grand Met's Inntrepreneur publican problem — but that was back in April before Bull joined the board and before he became chief executive at Grand Met.

'Slicker'

Advertisement



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footnotes

THE FREE MARKETEERS

Prophets of profit: Gloag and Souter

1. On the Buses

WHICH lucky firm will pluck the plums of the newly-privatised British Rail? Hot favourite is the Perth-based company Stagecoach.

Its founders have the right origins. Ann Gloag was a nurse; Brian Souter, her brother, an accountant for Arthur Andersen. Souter preaches regularly for the Evangelical Church of the Nazarene, while Gloag mixes a glamorous lifestyle with deep compassion for the plight of Africa.

Stagecoach's ride to riches started in earnest when the publicly-owned National Bus company was doomed by the transport act of 1985. A popular technique, pioneered in the Lake District, was to buy up a publicly-owned company and flog off the town centre bus station for as much, if not more, than the total purchase price. In Scotland, Stagecoach's takeover trail was further assisted by a welcome grant of half a million pounds from the government-owned Scottish Development Agency.

The arrival of Stagecoach did not always lead to a private enterprise paradise.

PORTSMOUTH: In 1990, the monopolies and mergers commission (MMC) reported on the "adverse affects on competition" arising from the merger between Stagecoach and Portsmouth Citybus. It recommended restrictions on Stagecoach's ability to use "fares and frequency of service as a predatory weapon against potential competitors". The then trade secretary, Nicholas Ridley, "was not persuaded" that these restrictions were enough to ensure competition, and Stagecoach was forced to sell Portsmouth Citybus back again.

EAST SUSSEX: In this year, the MMC found that Stagecoach's takeover of Formia Ltd, a bus company operating in Bexhill, Eastbourne and Hastings, "may be expected to operate against the public interest". The chief complaint was the way the new company used cheap fares and absurdly frequent services to break the competition and so establish a monopoly. In May this year secretary of state Michael Heseltine allowed Stagecoach to keep the routes on condition it stopped "predatory pricing".

BOGNOR REGIS: In July 1993, the MMC reported that Southdown, a Stagecoach subsidiary, had forced a competitor called Easy Rider off the roads by operating large numbers of buses on two popular routes at a ridiculous loss. The MMC concluded: "The loss of competition may, in our view, be expected in due course to result in higher fares and lower levels and quality of service." Southdown was told to limit fare increases and maintain the services for two years.

LANCASTER: On 3 August this year, the MMC opened an inquiry into the takeover by Stageoach of Lancaster City Transport. Ribble, owned by Stageoach, had flooded the most popular routes with duplicate services and cheap fares. Lancaster City Transport went bust.

NORTHAMPTON: Similar tactics — including the unusual introduction of child fares for adults — were used by a Stagecoach subsidiary, United Counties. Its competitor, an old-established bus company, Northampton Transport, was badly hit and this month was flogged off to an Aberdeen company. Fares and profit margins are now so low that most people believe Stagecoach will soon be the only big bus company left in the town (and fares and profits will rise again).

FIFE: At the end of August this year, Scottish traffic commissioner Michael Betts said operators of competing bus services in Kirckaldy were "pushing to the edge of the law". He banned one company, Orion, and criticised another, Fife Scottish (a Stagecoach subsidiary), for flooding routes with duplicate buses which always managed to get just in front of the competitor and scoop up the passengers.

On 3 September the director-general of fair trading, Sir Bryan Carsberg, announced an investigation into Fife Scottish. There had been complaints of "predatory pricing" and duplicate buses on 11 routes in Fife.

All these inquiries, restrictions and criticisms have done nothing to stop Stagecoach's headlong rush to profit. In 1992-3 profits jumped to £12.9 million, up 57 per cent on the year.

Now Stagecoach is bidding for East Kent Travel, a bus company with depots in most Kentish towns. When it gobbles up this big fish, Stagecoach will be operating rural and small-town buses in an uninterrupted swathe from West Hampshire to the East Kent coast. It is now the biggest bus company in the country.

What of Stagecoach's claims to popularity among workers? This is not the theme of letters to the *Eye* from bus drivers all over the country. They claim that union officials have been victimised, basic wages cut and working conditions undermined.

The *Eye* asked Mr Souter about these claims. He replied: "We acquired United Counties in November 1987. Average pay there has increased by around 17 percent based on a comparison between the company's accounts in 1987 and today." He claimed similar rises since 1989 for East Midland of 32 per cent; Ribble of 44 per cent; and Coast Line of 31 per cent. These figures have been greeted with amazement by bus drivers in all these areas.

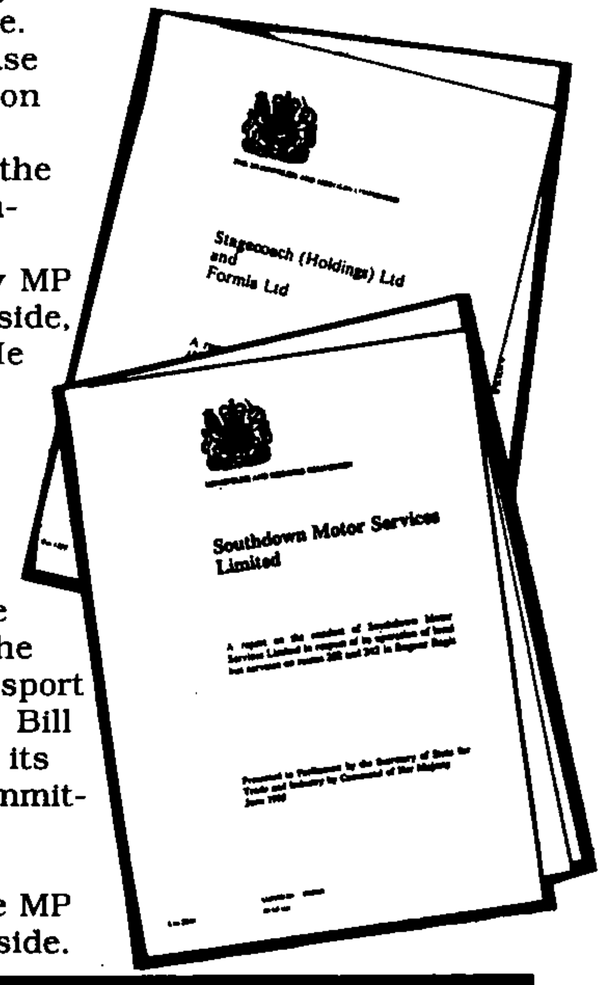
Mr Souter claims: "We also have over 100 employees in the UK, including a large number of drivers, who bought shares in 1991 at an average price of 17.5 pence. These shares today are worth 137p."

On 30 October 1991, 1,118 Stageoach workers bought 462,000 shares — just under 400 shares each at an average cost of about £100. At the same time, in a different scheme, a handful of executives were given share options of 488,000 shares, which they can buy and sell at a probable profit of much more than £1 per share.

The *Eye* asked Mr Souter if he and Ann Gloag had got £20 million each on the flotation of the company in 1991. Not at all, he replied: "My sister and I realised just over £11 million."

Anyone who can "realise" such a sum by helping to convert a public near-monopoly into a private near-monopoly in so short a time obviously deserves to be handed British Rail on a plate.

PS: The case for privatisation is strongly supported in the House of Commons by the eccentric Tory MP for North Tayside, Bill Walker. He has been a director of Stagecoach (Malawi) and Stagecoach International Services since 1989, when the Scottish Transport (privatisation) Bill went through its Commons committee with the vociferous support of the MP for North Tayside.



2. Over the slush to Skye

■ IN A FIT of free enterprise, a ferry company has been banned from running a profitable service "over the sea to Skye". The reason? It might take money away from a high-toll bridge, built and run by the Scottish Conservative party's favourite construction company, Millers.

Tolls on the bridge from Kyle to Kyleakin, now being built, are likely to be the most expensive in Europe. The government-controlled ferry company Caledonian Macbrayne has been told to take its ferries off as soon as the bridge is built.

Recently the Skye Boat company applied to the Highland regional council for access to the slipways at Kyle and Kyleakin to run a car ferry. No, said the council. This would "deprive the bridge of traffic and incur the risk of an extended pay-back period".

The lucky contractors for the bridge are Miller Construction of Edinburgh. This will not be the first time that Millers has profited from a government decision. In 1984, the Commons public accounts committee criticised "in the strongest terms in all our history" a decision to flog off the Hamilton College of Education for a song. The college residential blocks had been independently valued at £4 million. They were sold to Millers for £410,000.

THE THINGS THEY SAY

"I tell my drivers that when you are dealing with the public you are dealing with a sack of potatoes. I set very high standards."

Norman Sanders, founder and partner of Norfolk's largest private bus company.
North Norfolk News, September 10.

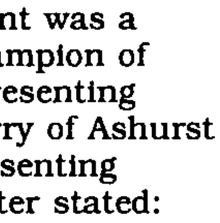
POPPY COCK

■ WHAT IS the point of the red poppy which hundreds of thousands of people will be persuaded to buy and wear in their buttonhole over the next few weeks?

According to the Royal British Legion, it is a "symbol of remembrance" for the dead of two world wars and "a symbol of peace, caring and compassion".

A symbol of peace? Last year, the Royal British Legion's glamorous brochure for the Remembrance Day festival was plastered all over with advertisements for arms companies.

There were ads from GEC-Marconi, which boasted about its "guided weapons, warships and underwater weapons"; Vosper Thorneycroft, which is making four Vita fast-attack gunships for Qatar; GKN Defence, which published a proud picture of its new British Warrior tank; and even Royal Ordnance, now owned by British Aerospace, whose arms sold to Iraq via Jordan might well have ensured the deaths of British soldiers.



Willie Liar or Willie Dupe?

IS William Waldegrave a liar or a fall guy? His performance during his third day at the Scott inquiry on 12 October proved beyond doubt that he must be one or the other.

As minister of state at the foreign office from July 1988 to November 1990, he was in charge of security and intelligence matters. This meant that he was in constant touch with GCHQ, the government "signals intelligence" (international phone-tapping) unit, whose boss is the foreign office.

To Waldegrave's obvious shock, Presiley Baxendale, the Scott inquiry's QC, read him a report from GCHQ dated 13 October 1989. It revealed that the Chilean arms firm Industrias Cardoen had made an entire arms factory for the Iraqi government; and that a British firm was to supply the new factory with "24 vertical machining centres and 18 computer numerically-controlled lathes".

Even the dimmest minister reading that report would have been forced to conclude that a British firm — in this case Matrix Churchill of Coventry, which had been bought by the Iraqi government — was supplying expensive and vital equipment for a new arms factory in Iraq.

Ms Baxendale took some time to read out the circulation list for the GCHQ report. It went, among other places, to the department of trade and industry (DTI), the ministry of defence (MoD)... and to the foreign office. Yet Waldegrave coolly told Ms Baxendale that he had not seen it. Indeed, he could prove that its contents had not been reflected in his official briefing notes for a meeting on 1 November 1989, with Alan Clark of the MoD and Lord Trefgarne of the DTI. All three ministers approved the sale of the Matrix Churchill equipment to Iraq for £5.5 million.

If Waldegrave *did* see the GCHQ report, he was clearly lying to the inquiry. MI6, through their usual channel, the Sunday Times front page, claim he did. But suppose Waldegrave was telling the truth. Suppose he, as the foreign office minister in charge of security, really did *not* see a crucially relevant report from a spy unit controlled by his own department. What then?

The only conclusion would be that the GCHQ report was deliberately hidden from Waldegrave who, of all the ministers involved in this business, was the least inclined to help arm Saddam Hussein. It would then follow that the briefing notes written for Waldegrave before that ministers' meeting on 1 November deliberately left out the vital information about Matrix Churchill and the arms factory.

Could it be, in other words, that reports such as the one from GCHQ about Cardoen were reserved for dry supporters of arms for Saddam and withheld from wet opponents?

Such a theory fits neatly with the theme — often expressed here — that a secret gang of intelligence officers, civil servants and businessmen successfully plotted to break the Iraq arms embargo, to sell arms to Saddam and pocket the profits and commissions. All available information about these matters was therefore kept carefully away from anyone who might disapprove — including even the foreign office minister in charge of security.

SPOT THE DIFFERENCE

"THE housing market is showing signs of recovery... Over the next 18 months it is believed prices are likely to rise as more people find the confidence either to move or enter the housing market... The long term demand for housing remains strong,

Margaret Schwartz, Abbey National's senior economist, writing in Abbey National's magazine Dialogue, *autumn issue 1993.*

"The housing market can't take any more bad news right now. There is no recovery, and I'm not convinced there will be any recovery within the next two years."

Margaret Schwartz, Abbey National's senior economist, quoted in The Guardian, *9 October.*

A Letter from Lazio

■ THE *EYE*S exchanges with Lazio football club and Britain's biggest solicitors' firm, Allen & Overy, about the sale of Gazza in 1991 cast serious doubt on the central allegation in the BBC's *Panorama* programme on the subject.

Panorama suggested that Terry Venables, then Tottenham's chief executive, "bunged" a friend £200,000 for bumping up Gascoigne's price, when in fact the price had not been bumped up at all. *Panorama*'s key document was a letter from John Campion of Allen & Overy, representing Lazio, to James Perry of Ashurst Morris Crisp, representing Tottenham. The letter stated: "Our client would be prepared to pay a price of £5.5m" for Gazza.

The letter was dated 20 June 1991. Several weeks after this letter was written, a London Italian restaurateur, Gino Santin, was paid £200,000 for bumping up the Gazza price to £5.5m. If £5.5m had already been offered on 20 June, claimed *Panorama*, it was obvious that Santin had been paid for nothing.

The Campion letter, however, is suspect. Two faxes from Alan Sugar, Tottenham chairman, to Lazio several days after 20 June confirm the price at £4.8m. Other faxes from Lazio after 20 June also agree the price at the lower figure. In all the correspondence on the subject in late June and early July 1991, Campion's is the only reference to £5.5 million.

Was the letter a fake — or a mistake? I asked John Campion at Allen & Overy why the £5.5 million suddenly appears in the correspondence sandwiched between other commitments to £4.8 million. I asked if the letter shown on *Panorama* was in any way a forgery.

Mr Campion referred my questions to Lionello Celon, of Lazio. His reply came on 13 October:

"I would like to point out that the figure of the price offered and/or requested for the player changed many times during negotiations depending on other material conditions of the deal and therefore it does not make sense to compare different figures offered or requested by the parties from time to time all along the period of negotiations, if not coupled with an analysis of the main other conditions of the deal (risks of unfitness of the player at the date of the performance, payment conditions, guarantees, amicable matches between Lazio and Spurs etc). The agreement is subject to a confidentiality clause and therefore we are not in a position to give you any documents concerning the deal."

My questions are still not answered, but the Lazio reply cannot give any real comfort to *Panorama* or to others in the media who rushed to judgement with documents provided exclusively by supporters of one side of the argument.

You can write to Paul Foot at 6 Carlisle Street, London W1V 5RG,or leave a message for him on 071 287 3183

T DAN'S PALS

FACT: Newcastle Council leader Jeremy Beecham and former Lord Mayor, Roy Hadwin, have been singing the praises of T Dan Smith, the late corrupt Council boss. MORE FACTS: Beecham was T Dan's solicitor and Hadwin a partner in Dan's PR firm.

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England manager Graham Taylor to tabloid hack

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QUOTE HI LEE — Gary is not very good looking but he has his own flat.

BULLDOG FACE — Did you know that shrewd of the heart had a genuinely beautiful girlfriend in Atlanta named Suzanne. Stevie met her and I thought she was gorgeous although I naively like tall blue-eyed blondes not short plain ugly women.

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APOLOGY! Our prices bring tears to the eyes of our competitors. Although genuinely sorry, we can't help offering our customers the best hi-fi prices in the country, if not the world! RICHER SOUNDS, Freephone 0500 10 11 12 (24 hrs) and ask for your FREE "Life Begins at 40" pack and bargain packed fun catalogue/price-list.

POCKET GEIGER counters £65 inclusive. Access/Visa 0273 203500. POSTBULL ELECTRICAL, 250 Portland Road, Hove, Sussex BN3 5QT.

OLD PERSIAN rugs, carpets, runners. Mostly £60-£2,000. Not a shop, just a shed, so telephone first. DESMOND NORTH, The Orchard, East Peckham, Kent. 0622 871 353.

QUALIFICATIONS: See "EUI" advertisement under Eye Learn.

VINTAGE MECHANICAL coin operated amusement machines. 0273-736622.

ALEISTER CROWLEY: His original self-portrait. Limited facsimile edition of 666 copies. For details send SAE to BAPHOMET 93 LTD., PO Box 4, Crediton, Devon EX17 2YX.

ADULT VIDEOS, imported titles, established nationwide. 0831 841405/0860 403691 anytime.

TELE RECORDER: Domestic & commercial. Record both way telephone conversations clearly and discreetly. 081 968 0227.

SURVEILLANCE EQUIPMENT. 0530 230861.

GROW-LIGHTS GROW any plant from seed to maturity indoors or in greenhouse all year round. Free brochure SUNLIGHT SYSTEMS (Dept PE), 3 St Mary's Works, Burnmoor Street, Leicester LE2 7JJ. Tel: 0533 470490/470488.

DISCREET SURVEILLANCE equipment, Books, Videos. QUANTEK ELECTRONICS, 021 411 1821.

UNIVERSITY AWARDS: "O" Levels, "A" Levels, Bachelor, Masters and Doctorates. Legal yet without further study. E.U.I. (P3), Redgrove House, 393 Lordship Lane, Dulwich, London SE22 8JN.

LEARN TO DRIVE. Five day course with test. 0202 666001.

RESITS? "A" LEVELS for the first time? Come to the OXFORD SCHOOL OF LEARNING. We are cheaper and quicker than our competitors. Telephone (0865) 741345 for a prospectus.

THE BEST PLACE TO LEARN a language is in the country where it is spoken. EF INTERNATIONAL LANGUAGE SCHOOLS teach French in Nice, German in Munich, Spanish in Spain, and Italian in Italy. Courses begin every week, all year round. (071) 401 3660 for free brochure.

RUSSIAN STUDY in Moscow, St Petersburg. 081 544 1718.

LEARN TO DRIVE courses. HIGHWAY HOLIDAYS. (0492) 531517.

Eye Hear

PROFESSIONAL JAZZ bands available: Duo to septet, laid-back to up-front. 0703 581883.

JUKEBOX HIRE for parties. Delivered/collected. Choose from 1050 hits 1950-1993. Prices from £95, also sales. 081-318 2852.

JAZZ TRIO available for dinner, cocktail, Xmas parties. 081-501 0779.

Eye Work

HELP REDUNDANT manager, male, forty, young outlook with traditional values. Adaptable, honest, intelligent. General admin, purchasing, personnel, finance. South/West Yorkshire. Box 0631.

GRADUATE SEEKS employment. Anything, anywhere. Box 0729.

UNDEREMPLOYED GRADUATE seeks motivating work challenge. Research/admin experience and more. Conditions: won't work for peanuts or dickheads. Box 0431.

SENSIBLE HARDWORKING person, 25, seeks any employment Oct-Jan to help finance trip abroad. Please help. Box 0531.

Eye Read

FREE BOOKSEARCH, any book. 0734 596083. 33 Brunswick Hill, Reading RG1 7YU.

EROTICA. QUALITY & rare editions, de Sade, Olympia & Luxor Press etc. Send £2.00/$5.00 for catalogue to: DELECTUS BOOKS, Dept. P, 27 Old Gloucester Street, London WC1N 3XX.

FREE FIRST edition of THE PARROT. Humour of the unconvinced, not to be confused with reality. HS(L), 16 Carlson Gdns, Lutterworth LE16 4DP.

LOBSTER 26. Crozier, Pinay Circle, MI5 now available, £2.25. 135 School Street, Netherthong, Huddersfield HD7 2YB. Subs, four issues £8.00, cheques to S. Dorril.

THE PUNTER Horseracing fanzine for free introductory copy, 051-264 9105.

THE MEMOIRS of Telemann. With prefulgent prabble on palingenesis. £3 inc. Gorsaf Dryslwyn, Caerfyrddin, Dyfed SA32 8JQ.

GIRLS' OWN magazine — for women who prefer women. £2. B.M. PRINCESS (P.E.), London WC1 (full address).

DREAMING FOR PLEASURE. Fulfil your fantasies, seaxual or otherwise, by learning how to control your dreams. Developed in Canada, extraordinary but simple technique allows you to experience pleasures you thought were unobtainable, Dreaming for Pleasure is now available in the UK, priced £6.95. Please make cheques/POs payable to 'PRESSPRO', sending your name and address to PRESSPRO, 84 Marylebone High Street, London W1M 3DE.

NATURISM 2000 comprehensive handbook £3. NATURIST FOUNDATION (Dept. P), Naturist Headquarters, Orpington BR5 4ET.

EROTIC FICTION catalogue £2.00 to DOMINO BOOKS, PO Box 83, Fishponds, Bristol BS16 2RJ.

GOVERNMENT AUCTION News. 0686 668851.

THE GOOD BANK Guide. Packed with information. Save £££££s in bank costs. Who has the lowest charges? Cheapest overdrafts? Are you paying too much? Find out! £3.95, ELANCO, PO Box 511(E), Basingstoke RG23 7PA.

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ELISABETH FRINK limited edition made for children's charity. £5,100. Enquiries Box 0528.

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FAST AND RELIABLE removals. London. 071-265 1218.

JAMES REMOVALS — household and office. Boxes and storage. 071-431 1713.

LIGHT MOVES — anywhere anytime. 071-835 1574.

HAMMERSMITH REMOVALS and rubbish clearance. 071-602-3036.

IRISH REMOVALS. Owner driver. UK—Ireland weekly. 0232-838111 anytime.

STUFF MOVING — London area. 071 352 9380.

Eye Drink

TWELVE FAMOUS Belgians, £15.50. Great introduction to the BEER BUTLER'S CLUB. Order or free menu, 0843 864198.

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A UNIVERSITY degree to help job prospects? ALL-SAINTS COLLEGE, Delaware, USA recognises past experience. You may qualify already. Apply Dean of Studies, ASC Eur/M.E. Office, POB 246, Paphos, Cyprus.

ELECTRONIC CUSTOM construction. Anything considered. 0884 259276.

EXPOSE YOURSELF! "The best advertising of all." Win maximum press exposure with DIY PR manual for small businesses. Free details — MIKE TRUSCOTT, 8 Grovehill Drive, Falmouth TR11 3HS.

U.S. VISA matters, 071 437 3806.

WRITERS, CAMPAIGNERS — 267 UK local newspapers. List £7, labels £10. Cheque to PARAMOUNT, Mains House, Tillcoultry, FK13 6PQ.

FORGET £200/£300 to open secret numbered bank accounts. I supply names/addresses/phones of 2 banks permitting opening by mail with ID. Fee, £20. MR O'CAMSTER, 62 Grosvenor Road, Ilford, Essex.

CVs INDIVIDUALLY written and printed. Laser quality. £35. 081-458 1171.

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B W T

HAVE YOU EVER wanted to join the American Police but not known how? Extensive research reveals where to concentrate your efforts, actual addresses, useful advice, etc. Send £8.00 plus £2.00 P&P: SEEBER INFORMATION AND SERVICES, PO Box 14, Whitby, North Yorkshire, YO21 1YZ. Allow 28 days.

ACCOMMODATION ADDRESS: discreet/confidential mail/message holding service, W1. 071 580 4242.

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FORGET-ME-NOT — Don't be remembered for forgetting. Subscribe to the complete reminder service that, for less than £1.00, won't let you forget all important occasions. For full details and subscription send name and address to FORGET-ME-NOT, Presaddfed, Anglesey, LL65 4TS. 0407 740227. If you don't need the service, doubtless you know someone who does!

HALF PRICE overseas calls! How? Phone 0704 540705.

NEAD TO EARN money? Home being repossessed? Send large SAE CAMPAIGN AGAINST HOME REPOSSESSIONS, 353 Bensham Lane, Thornton Heath, Surrey CR7 7ER.

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SLEUTH & SONS investigate tactfully and discreetly. 081 742 8083.

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LIMITED COMPANIES: £90. Brochure: FREEFONE 0800 526421.

ACCOMMODATION ADDRESS (Angel, Islington). Your name, our address. 071-833 3518.

Eye Earn

WORK NEXT WINTER in the Swiss Alps. Send £5 for a list of addresses to G. WAINWRIGHT, Haus Elan, 3920 Zermatt, Switzerland.

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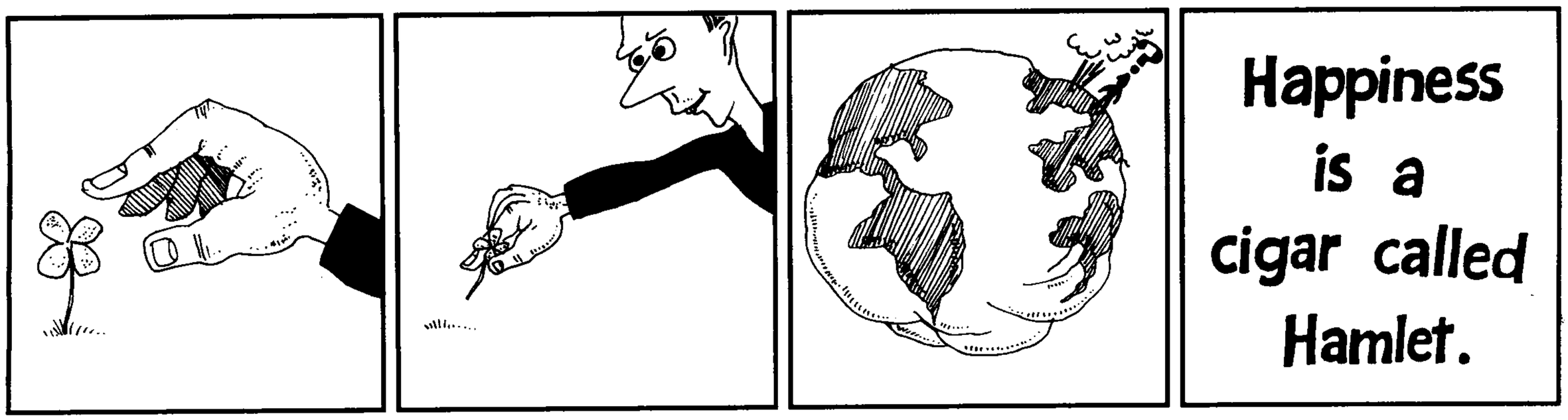
SECRETS REVEALED: How to legally obtain a second foreign passport. Discover the secrets of dual nationality with over 100 countries examined. Also, become a PT (perpetual traveller) and legally avoid taxes, governments and hassle. Discover the insider facts about Andorra/ Gibraltar/ Monaco/ Campione/ Switzerland. New cars! How to buy tax free. How to become a successful legal tax exile. Free brochure to: SCOPE, Box No. 3877, 62 Murray Road, Waterlooville PO8 9JL, UK. Tel: 0705 592255 or Fax: 0705 591975. Advice that your lawyer or accountant would not dare tell you — even if they knew! Please quote our Box Number when replying.

SCREW THE BOOKMAKER every day with my unique, foolproof betting strategy. SAE, R.J. REES, PO Box 225, Cosham, Portsmouth PO6 3EA.



INFORMATION REQUIRED: Humberclyde — Basingstoke/Hook, 1990/1993. Please contact Box 0231, 6 Carlisle Street, London W1V 5RG.

"TUTTI FRUTTI" satellite TV show recordings wanted please. Box 0331.

AIRMILES AND VIRGIN standbys required — will pay. 081-442 1817.

PARTNER'S SEXUAL orientation changing? A new BBC TV programme about personal relationships would like to hear how you cope. Please call CHRIS on 081-752 5447 or 081-752 5454.

EYES 458-829, 8 missing. Offers please. 081-692 1742.

EYES 449-754. Offers. 081-504 0707.

EYES 509 to date (1 missing). Offers, 081-876 4412.

140 EYES, 461-599, £50. 0296 75381.

EYES 594-830 (2 missing) plus 7 binders. Offers tel: (0322) 552794.

THE "JOLLY ROGER" woven crested tie, £4.95 from SKELLINGTON, 14B Clifton Road, Winchester. 0962 864468.

"THE FUGITIVE" T-shirts £6. 0736-66248.

GEEZER, 20s, needs dough for computer programming course. £3,000 — donations or cosy comp/job well appreciated. Box 0731.

DESPERATE WRITER needs £3,000 to pay debts and start new life and script. All donations gratefully received. Box 0831.

CASH NEEDED for studies. Anything gratefully received. Box 0931.

HELP ANGEL fulfill fondest dream. Trip to Australia, £5,000 required. Blessings and thanks. Box 1031.

£2,600 URGENTLY needed for baby's medical bills. Will repay. Many thanks. Box 1131.

EMOTIONALLY BATTERED ex-partner of alcoholic desperately needs financial help. Box 1231.

MY FRIEND'S ILL. Must return NZ. Please send airmiles. Box 1331.

YOUNG PROFESSIONAL filmmaker needs donations for exciting short comedy. Box 1431.

I'M A NURSE on a mission! Desperately trying to raise £2,450 before April 94 to help build a badly needed health centre in East Africa. Giving up job and becoming "bricky" in May 1994. Will anyone out there help me? In aid of HPA, registered charity no. 328714. Box 1831.

SELF EMPLOYED gardener 9 years, little to show except ongoing tax investigation and a chip on my shoulder. Any contributions or interest free loan for new truck please. DISILLUSIONED DAVE. Box 1531.

EXCITING, HIGH profile, professional theatre production needs further £7,000. All donors credited. Tel: 071 249 8400.

LAST DITCH attempt to finance further training, any donation however small very gratefully accepted. G. BARNARD, Box 1631.

THE PRODUCERS of cult hit feature film "Revenge of Billy the Kid" seek co-executive producers to bring on board final finance for their latest feature film project. All interested parties please phone 071-439 8113 or Fax 071-494 2006.

The first one or two words of all ads are in bold type at no extra charge. For extra capital letters, bold type and centering choose the slightly dearer semi-display style.

YOUNG SCOTS couple desperately need £5,000 to clear debts and start afresh. Please help. Box 1731.

MONEY MAKES the world go round. My world's going backwards. Make it happen for somone else! Box 1327.

ARCHITECTURAL STUDENT, Bosnian, desperately needs £1,400 to pay course fee. Box 1931.

PLEASE HELP! Impoverished parents need £4,000 for physically disabled 5-year-old. Cheques: LUKE BARBANNEAU TRUST. Thankyou. Box 2031.

IMPOTENCY, hair regrowth, memory loss. THE HEALTH DEVELOPMENT CLUB — the people to contact for help that works with the above problems. For free info pack Tel: 0594 564429 or SAE to: H.D.C., 123 Westgate St., Gloucester GL1 2PG.

COUPLE COUNSELLING. JACQUELINE SELBY. 081 450 4958.

SMALL, ESTABLISHED but under-capitalised motorsport preparation business requires partner with finance and marketing ability. May appeal to owner/driver with high standards. On offer: skills, good reputation and future prospects. Box 7830.

FORD GRANADA 2.8 GL, X Reg. Low mileage, nice engine, bodywork. MOT failure — needs new steering bushes — report available. Offers? Tel. (day) ANDREW 071-437 4017.

BUFFETS & DINNER PARTIES
in your home or your office.
Wide selection of menus,
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FRANCES TEMPLETON,
071-792 8359.

WHY NOT an autumn/winter break at our beautifully situated clifftop Edwardian holiday home — overlooks sea and sandy beaches on Cornwall's Roseland peninsula. Phone 042 482 404.

HEREFORDSHIRE COTTAGES 0432 850722.

ENCHANTING SOMERSET: Listed house in Glastonbury's town centre, centrally-heated and cosy, with views across the Abbey grounds. Sleeps 3. Lets available all year. Dictate your address on 0234 211606 (frequently answerphone) for brochure.

LONDON B&B — 081 340 9222.

CHRISTMAS WEEK in Victorian Dower House of Penhow Castle. Romantic, cosy, sleeps 13. 2.5hrs London. £545. 0633-400800.

USA BEST AIR FARES. Australia, New Zealand, Worldwide. MERIT TRAVEL, 79 High Street, London, SE25 6EA. Tel: 081-653 6514. ABTA.

WORLDWIDE LOWEST prices allegedly! Tel: 0942 603599. Fax: 0942 670868.

FLIGHT OPTIONS. 0432 851062.

LOWEST WORLDWIDE airfares, 10am-10pm FARE EXCHANGE, 0268-693513.

CLASSIC YACHTS on Algarve, skippered from £325 p.p.w. ex. flight. Details: 0726 832129.

CAMEL SAFARI in Kenya. Professional guide and well appointed camp. CAMEL TREK, 071 384 3090.

TRANS-SIBERIAN — Budget and medium-priced independent itineraries — or Moscow/Petersburg-only trips. Detailed infopack from Russia experts ONE EUROPE TRAVEL — 081 566 9424.

AMSTERDAM FUN COACH £29. 0282 450275.

WEEKEND SURVIVAL courses in Scotland (0831) 431698.

BEST OVERLAND VALUE 5/6 months through Africa. 18 countries. Opportunity to participate in Aid Project in Uganda. From £995. HOBO TRANS AFRICA EXPS. 0986 873124.

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TRUCK AFRICA, intrepid camping expeditions, 4-27 weeks. 071 731 6142 (24 hrs).

EXPLORE WORLDWIDE. From Kenya to the Karakorums, Bhutan to Botswana, Turkey to Thailand. Small group exploratory holidays in more than 60 countries. Wilderness experiences, cultural tours, walking, rafting, sailtreks, seatreks, tribal encounters... Get beyond the tourist facade! In Europe, Middle East, Asia, Africa, the Americas. 2 to 4 weeks. For free 80-page brochure call: (0252) 344161 (24 hrs). AITO/ATOL Bonded.

AFRICAN TRAILS — overland camping safaris. 4-27 weeks. 081-742 7724.

AFRICA... THE ULTIMATE adventure holiday destination. With 20 years experience in Camping and Lodge based Safaris, TRACKS is the African specialist. Tours from 8 days to 18 weeks are featured in our new 1992/93 brochure. For your free copy contact TRACKS, 12 Abingdon Road, London W8 6AF. Tel: 071-937 3028.

WALES: COTTAGE, £50/week. 074381-543.

OVERSEAS JOBS and working holidays. Available worldwide, skilled or unskilled. Many include free transport and accommodation. Temporary or permanent, including cruise ships, conservation etc. For details of our service, send 2 loose 1st class stamps to: P.E. JOBSEARCH, Broads Lane, Mylor, Falmouth, Cornwall TR11 5UL.

AFRICAN SAFARIS, 4 to 19 weeks camping expeditions; 6 week Christmas Special £475. For full details: PHOENIX OVERLAND 0533-626899.

AFRICAN ADVENTURES from 25 days to 30 weeks. Tour prices from £350 to £1,937. For a brochure and details of video shows phone BUKIMA AFRICA 081-451 2446.

SINGLE? COUNTRY lover? Make new friends at our traditional Christmas and New Year country house parties, especially for the unattached. Also weekend country walks. COUNTRY COMPANIONS, 0628-826993 (24 hours).

ARE YOU INTERESTED in penfriends from Germany, Europe, worldwide? Write to: DIRNHOFER, Blumenstr. 44, 70182 Stuttgart, Germany.

NATURAL FRIENDS, the thinking person's contact agency. 15, Benyon Gardens, Culford, IP28 6EA. 0284 728315.

HALF A DOZEN professional men aged 45-55 wanted to wine, dine and intertwine with six women in the Cotswolds area. Kindly reply Box 2131.

MEET ZILLIONS of women at London singles parties. 071 629 5534.

TREASURES OF SIAM Thai Marriage Bureau, a professional and confidential service. PO Box 12, Stanley, DH9 9YZ.

FLOWERS OF THE EAST. The Professional Thai Marriage Bureau. 1 Barn Cottages, Curtis Gardens, Dorking, Surrey.

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If you are intelligent,
articulate and well-educated,
then we are the agency
for you. We are very
selective as we would
expect you to be,
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(South):
(071) 256 6123 (24 hrs)
(North):
(0625) 860 924 (24 hrs)

GLOUCESTERSHIRE, AVON, Wiltshire — a personal introduction service for the unattached but socially aware. Discretion assured. Phone STEPPING OUT on 0666 880331.

WORLDWIDE PENFRIENDS. Details from J. CROSBIE, 23 Mansefield, Grantshouse, Duns, Berwickshire TD11 3RN.

SIAM INTRODUCTIONS have hundreds of beautiful respectable marriage-minded Thai ladies. Free photobrochure: 33 Lower Camden, Chislehurst, Kent BR7 5HY. Or tel: 081 467 8882.

BEST CHOICE of Eastern European contacts (videos available). EUROPEAN CONNECTIONS (PE/EC), PO Box 4, Goring-on-Thames, RG8 9DN.

PENPALS WORLDWIDE for new, interesting friendships, maybe more. Sample photos free! HERMES, Box 110660/S, D-10836 Berlin, Germany.

MARGARET'S PEN CLUB — make new friends today. Age groups, 16-76. All areas, SAE details: PO Box 1, Prestwick, Ayrshire KA9 1RJ.

BEST SINGLES Magazine in the Universe. PERSON TO PERSON. Free details (PE4), PO Box 4, Goring-on-Thames, RG8 9DN.

GRADUATE MALE, 33, 6ft, reasonably good looking, in long term relationship, would like to hear from female in similar position for passionate affair. North London, surrounding area. Box 2831.

POPEYE SEEKS Olive Oyl, view marriage, aged 18+, am 47. Box 2931.

RESPECTABLE PRESENTABLE professional married man, 42, wishes to share excitement of secret affair with lady in North East. Absolute confidentiality assured including reply. Box 2431.

PROFESSIONAL MALE 39, company director, considerate friendly solvent, seeks fun loving female 25-35, independent or married, for discreet afternoon fun. Photo appreciated. Sussex/South East. Box 2531.

LONDON PROFESSIONAL man (44) seeks sensuous woman for uncomplicated relationship. Phone 081 444 8950.

RENOIR, 31, seeks female nude bathed in dappled sunlight for erotic adventures. No Cubist Picassos. Londinium. Box 2631.

N. LINCS MAN, 40, tall, personable, GSoH, n/s, seeks companionable 30+ lady. Object: romance. Box 2731.

"The main reason why I am renewing my subscription is that I will be getting married on June 5th to a lady that had the courage to advertise in your lonely hearts column"

SUCCESSFUL ATTRACTIVE entrepreneur (London) with Far Eastern business plans seeks attractive female friend speaking any Oriental or Asian language. Box 8128.

SUCCESSFUL MUSIC business director (London) seeks very attractive intelligent female companion/confidante. Box 5928.

CHARMING, SOMETIMES caustic woman equally at home Coliseum, Connemara, Cottesloe, Courtauld (and foreign equivalents) would like to share some or all from time to time with similar unattached man (45-55). SoH, brains essential. Box 3031.

VIVAVIOUS SPANISH, very attractive fun loving female, 38, confident, passionate, romantic, honest, intelligent, successful, seeks similar male, well-educated, reliable, solvent, VGSoH, for caring relationship. Only gentlemen need apply. Children most welcome. Photo, telephone essential. Confidentiality respected. Box 3131.

6FT, FIT (EARLY 50s) rugged mariner (marine pilot) seeks n/s, honest, loyal, sensual woman, WSoH, for lasting relationship in countryside, South coast. Genuine replies only. Box 3231.

FEMALE DISILLUSIONED with routine sought by single male reshuffling life to seek adventure. Box 3331.

VETERINARY SURGEON, 34, attractive, with warm outgoing personality, seeks preferably American/Canadian male (30-40, n/s) who is well educated, creative, caring and emotionally open for a permanent healthy relationship. Box 3431.

SINGLE MALE, 29, tall, good humoured, attractive, solvent, seeks sincere attractive female, 24-33, for evenings out and hopefully relationship. Photo appreciated. Box 3230.

UNATTACHED MALE, writer, 40s, enjoys conversation, music, books, travel, seeks attractive female to share committed emotional and erotic partnership. Anywhere. Photo with letter please. Box 6230.

ATTRACTIVE TRAVELLING companion, USA/Aus, male required, 26-32, GSoH, for single 29 female (N. Yorks) leading to relationship, if no delays en route. Send photo. Box 6530.

GRADUATE MALE, 26, seeks lively plump lady 21-40 for friendship, social outings, maybe romance? North East. Box 2231.

KNIGHT IN CRUMPLED armour seeks damsel (20-30) to rescue in Surrey area. Box 2331.

MY PET LAMB, please write. Box 0031.

SUCCESSFUL AMERICAN art dealer, very young 50, with sense of humour and very generous, looking for slim girl, any nationality, 20-30, fun loving, intelligent and tolerant. Join me for dinner when I visit London every 2nd month. Letter and photo please. Box 6631.

EXTRAORDINARY LADY, blonde, professional, sensuous, elegant, 40, seeks new flame, mature, warmhearted, generous, loving, for intimacy, ultimate merger. North East, anywhere. Box 6731.

HEDONIST, PROSPEROUS 38 single man. Loves good food, music, boats and dancing. Seeks beautiful, intelligent woman to share fun. Write with photo. Box 6831.

GREEN-EYED BLONDE 31, in PR, seeks wit and kindness in a suit (London). Address? Box 6931.

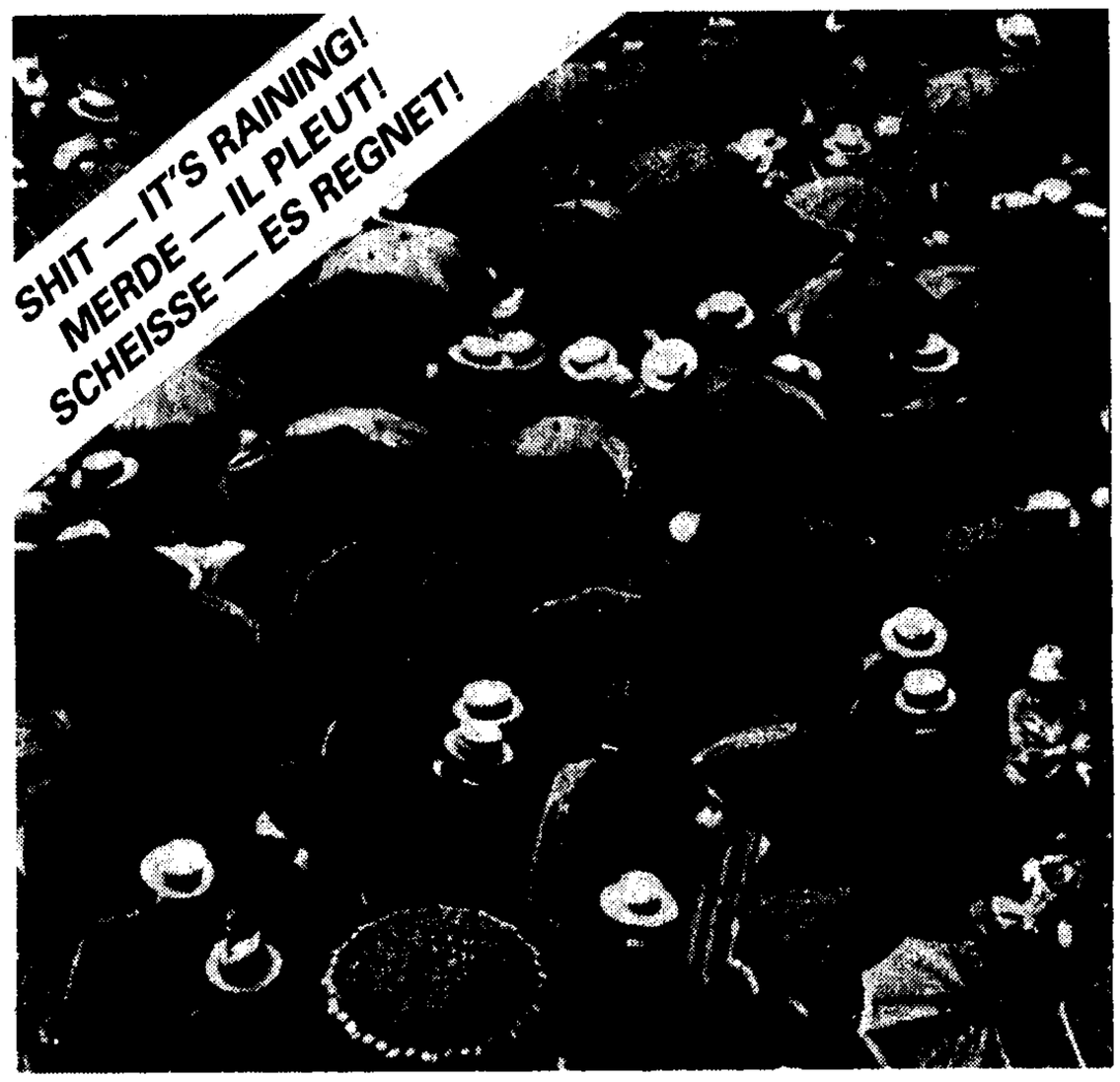
GREAT LOOKING slim lady, 40s, with attractive sensual personality needs caring and looking after by discreet mature sensitive tall rich man. Photo appreciated. Box 7031.

SLEEPLESS IN Derbyshire! Will Meg/Annie meet me at the top of — (Blackpool Tower?) Please write long letter including meeting time. Warning: Genuine Advertisement. Box 7131.

WE'D GET TOGETHER just for fun, with no obligation save maybe the one, that if we're gonna stay together, we'll stay together just for fun. Box 7231.

SELF EMPLOYED MALE seeks affectionate lady 35+ for afternoons of pleasure. London/South. Box 5631.

ABOVE AVERAGE (in most respects) male, 30, single, seeks similar female. Box 5731.



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TALL ATTRACTIVE professional man, 50s, based E. Midlands, seeks n/s attractive blonde? lady, 40s, for fun, friendship, relationship. Photo, photo returned. Box 6431.

LIVELY BRUNETTE, small, slim, very attractive 40s, enjoys archaeology, countryside, dance and eating out. Seeks humorous unattached non-smoking male 40+ to share enjoyment. Box 6531.

LONDON BORN, handsome entrepreneur living in the Caribbean, 50+, 6', mop of hair, blue eyes, good shape. Visiting London Dec 93/Jan 94, looking for that special lady, 30 to 40, to share an interesting healthy happy sunfilled life. Shy or outgoing with a really good figure, single parent no problem. Box 5831.

SOUTH YORKS man, mid thirties, seeks attractive lady for long walks, listening to classical music, and the enjoyment of wine. Box 5931.

MALE (36). Amusing? Of course — as Angus Deayton, Stephen Fry? Attractive? Of course — as Tom Cruise, Jeff Goldblum? Or perhaps the reverse. Affectionate, certainly. Also, happily married (as you might be), and seeking a warm, gentle lady (30-40something) as discreet friend/lover. London. Box 6031.

GREEN-EYED MONSTER — male, fit, very young 35, living in Somerset, warm hearted, extremely busy, disorganised, loves the outdoors, travel and sport, seeks raven haired beauty (or otherwise) 23-29, needs to be fit, bright and a GSoH to keep all my bits in one place. Box 6131.

CALAMITY JANE seeks Alberto Moravia. Box 6231.

IN PRAISE of older women. Slim professional male graduate, 29, seeks older playmate for exploring hedonism and sensual pleasures. London. Photo please. Box 6331.

MAN LOST IN South Wales wilderness seeks beautiful woman with compass, 25-34. Photo. Box 4031.

TALL HANDSOME well-bred man (single, 26) seeks woman! Box 4131.

GENTLEMAN, 55, married, seeks lively lady, 35-50, for occasional lingering lunches, London or Home Counties. Box 4231.

ATTRACTIVE, FUN-LOVING professional male, 28. Frustrated by male-dominated life. Single but not by choice. Seeks similar girl. South East. Box 4331.

ENERGETIC ECCENTRIC seeks loopy lass for insane laughs together. Box 4431.

FREE WEEK in Gran Canaria for intelligent lovely woman, 16-56. Box 4531.

PRIVATE PILOT (M, 44) seeks co-pilot with whom to take off, and make happy landings. (License optional). London/South East. Box 4631.

MCP, 32, SEEKS Arabian female with VGSoH. Box 4731.

ON OFFER TO a streetwise and quick witted young woman, speaking Russian/German/English, very trilingual, and with this, also charm to manipulate bureaucracy be it borders or hotels, a month or two or three, further East, in 94. There would be no pay but all found. Downside would be having to live with a much older man, who has difficulty outwith the English language. Upside he has a good past record of independent travel driving his own car, with fairly comfortable survival in Eastern Europe (outside Old Russia). Mutual assessment obviously essential. As this is a Box No., name and phone number acceptable, more detail preferable. Box 4831.

NICE MAN, mid-thirties, seeks spirited female penfriend. Box 4931.

ELDERLY WEALTHY widower seeks intelligent attractive female companion with charm and style, 50s. Photo please. Box 3531.

ABSORBING JUNG man, 50, seeking unattached, w.educated, trim, attractive girlfriend b. 30/3/47; 4/4/47; 13,14/12/48, 5,10/7/50; 14,18/11/50; 15,16/3/52. Box 3631.

HEALTHY, WEALTHY witty, wise, sensuai, adventurous 40 year old man seeks adventuress for uninhibited uncomplicated relationship and the occasional walk on the wild side. Box 3731.

EMOTIONALLY BEDRAGGLED, underconfident man, seeks caring mid-thirties female to repair his belief in the good things in life. Solvent, averagely handsome, enjoys the outdoor life and evening cuddles. Hants/Surrey/SW London, nice letter and photo ensures reply. Box 7331.

ENERGETIC SCORPIO male, mid 30s, average height and build, own consultancy business, likes skiing, travel, seeks Virgo Sloane or otherwise sophisticated lady, outgoing and disciplined but who could still wear stripes to rugby matches. Box 5431.

ARE YOU: an elegant, stylish, attractive lady of 45-50? Yes! — Then treat yourself to me! I'm an attractive, sincere, younger gentleman. Phone number please. Lancs/Cheshire. Box 5031.

SHARED EXPERIENCES are best. Tall, attractive, professional unattached man, 40, seeks thirtyish woman for friendship/romance. N.W. Box 5231.

CITY CHAP (34, tall and sporty) seeks City woman for wheeling and dealing, followed by wining and dining with fun and games for afters. London/South East. Box 5331.

MALE DOCTOR, young 53, slim, attractive, sensual, lives Central London, seeks lively older female, anywhere. Box 5531.

NAUGHTY NYMPHO sought by graduate male (28) for passion etc. 25-35ish. London/SE. Photo, phone please. Box 7431.

MARRIED BUT frustrated Clive Anderson lookalike (35) seeks solace from equally married and frustrated woman (30s) living in North Yorkshire. If you have the lines, I'll provide the sparkle. Box 3831.

GENEROUS DIRECTOR, 46, slim, fit, seeks younger intelligent part-time mistress for outings and companionship. Central/South-West London. Travel potential. Box 3931.

LAZY LOVABLE slob needs reforming. Shy. London/Home Counties. Box 5131.

Eye Soldier

SLEEPLESS IN Sarajevo! Come on girls, brighten our mail bag. Box 7531.

PRIVATE EYE SMALLS, 6 CARLISLE STREET, LONDON W1V 5RG
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NAME _____

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SEND YOUR ADVERTISEMENT TO ARRIVE AT LEAST 10 DAYS BEFORE PUBLICATION DATE WITH PAYMENT (CHEQUE/POSTAL ORDERS PAYABLE TO **PRESSDRAM LTD**), ACCESS, VISA, SWITCH. PLEASE DO NOT SEND CASH.

IF YOU ARE PAYING WITH ACCESS, VISA OR SWITCH WRITE THE NUMBER HERE:

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ADVERTISING RATES

- ❑ LINEAGE STYLE: £1.40 PER WORD
- ❑ SEMI-DISPLAY STYLE: £3.00 PER WORD
- ❑ ALLOCATION OF BOX NUMBER: £7.50

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SERIES DISCOUNTS

- ❑ 6 ADVERTISEMENTS 10% OFF
- ❑ 12 ADVERTISEMENTS 15% OFF
- ❑ 26 (1YEAR) ADVERTISEMENTS 20% OFF

WRITE YOUR NAME & ADDRESS ON THE BACK OF YOUR CHEQUE

BOX NUMBER INFORMATION

Private Eye Smalls, 6 Carlisle Street, London W1V 5RG

IF YOU REQUIRE A BOX NUMBER

Our box numbers are for personal advertisers only (not commercial) — the cost is £7.50.

HOW THEY WORK

Replies are sent to Private Eye and are strictly confidential. We mail them to you initially about 2 weeks after your advertisement has appeared and then (approx) fortnightly for a total of 8 weeks.

REPLYING TO BOX NUMBERS

Only one reply Send your reply in a stamped addressed envelope to Private EyeSmalls (address above) and mark the box number clearly on the front of the envelope.

More than one reply Put each reply in an unstamped envelope, seal it and mark the relevant box number clearly on the front of each envelope. Then put them all in a larger stamped envelope addressed to Private Eye Smalls (address above).

Your reply is then forwarded by us to the advertiser. Circulars and promotional literature are not forwarded where discovered.

Coming soon. . .

A NEW LOOK CLASSIFIED DISPLAY SECTION

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CHRISTMAS GIFTS • HOLIDAYS • TRAVEL • ENTERTAINMENT • ETC ETC

PHONE NOW FOR DETAILS ON
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Opening Lines is an independent advertisement service run by Paravox Ltd.

Your advertisement appears in Private Eye together with your own Opening Lines Telephone number.

Readers see your ad, dial your number and listen to your recorded greeting. If they like what they hear, they can record a message for you, there and then, which you and only you, can listen to later.

If you want your own Opening Lines number, simply write out a short advertisement (up to 20 words), then call our operators on 081 466 4048 and dictate it to them. Remember to have your Access or Visa card details handy.

If you simply want to reply to an advertiser, just dial the telephone number shown in your chosen advertisement and leave your details after the tone.

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HANDSOME, INTELLIGENT, eligible male, 36, preparing to settle down, requires similar female for friendship leading to relationship. I am sincere, honest, caring, looking for right person to share the good things in life with. Lancs. Ring 0839 514062

SLEEPLESS IN SEATTLE was good but Big was better. Tom Hanks type sought by attractive, 32 year old, who wants someone to keep her warm throughout the chilly evenings. Ring 0839 516212

STUNNING SINGLE MALE, tall, healthy, fit, very young 34, gentle and right-on, modest as well, seeks creative, natural female to enjoy herbal teas with. Ring 0839 514095

THE SEARCH FOR A WOMAN might just be over. If you would like to listen to a selection of past, present and even future Opening Lines female advertisers, then why not try our new Library Line Service. Just ring this number. Ring 0839 514333

MALE IN MONOLOGUE seeks female for dialogue. Ring 0839 514101

CHEEKY DEVIL WOMAN who is madly in love with the world. What 33 plus, intelligent, good looking male is crazy enough to take me for a trip to heaven? Ring 0839 514314

EXTREMELY GOOD LOOKING man, mid forties, divorced, tall, articulate, gsoh, slim, fit and solvent. Seeks attractive, assertive woman, 30 plus, with similar attributes, for lasting relationship. Ring 0839 514125

ATTRACTIVE, TALL, SLIM, intelligent, blonde woman, 37, likes ballet, seeks tall, solvent male at least 5ft 10in for one to one relationship. Must prefer quality to quantity. Ring 0839 514297

ENGLISH DOCTOR, 40, considered attractive, enjoys wide range of interests, travelled Far East, would like to meet a pretty Oriental girl for lasting relationship. Ring 0839 514155

LOVES LAUGHTER, active professional female, 31. Works City, lives Surrey. Curvy but well toned. Seeks male with energy and a smile, not afraid of relationships. Ring 0839 514281

ADDICTED SKIER on life's mountain, 32, n/s, doctor, seeks female fellow devotee to share the bumps, powder and longwinding routes back through the trees. Ring 0839 514158

ATTRACTIVE LEO LADY, 24, 5ft 2in, medium build, seeks dark haired, attractive, professional, honest, reliable sensual male to make me purr. Non smoker, North/Central London. Ring 0839 514266

INTELLIGENT, CARING MALE, 30, 6ft 3in, non smoker, romantic, with a good sense of humour, seeking lady for friendship and possible romance. Ring 0839 514168

REAL WOMAN SEEKS a real man. 35 year old, fun loving, attractive female seeks professional, articulate male, with good sense of humour, who appreciates the good life. Ring 0839 514243

MALE, LATE 20S, blond hair, average height, good job, own house, seeks fantastic female, 22/35, into music, theatre, nights out. GSOH essential. Ring 0839 514187

TRUST, LOYALITY. Means something? Enjoy other cultures, between 47-55, medium build, 5ft 8in - 5ft 10in, professional and solvent, why not contact petite, attractive, Indian female. Ring 0839 514227

LOOKING FOR A MAN? then why not try our new Library Line service. To listen to a selection of past, present and even future male Opening Lines advertisers, just dial this number. Ring 0839 514222

FEMALE, ENGLISH, ATTRACTIVE, 42, blonde, 5ft 5in, slim, very loving and caring, looking for a smart, attractive male, who is also loving and caring. Ring 0839 514209

ATTRACTIVE, INTELLIGENT, discreet, articulate, legally minded, Jamaican female, 28, seeks lawyer for intellectual conversation, inspiration and unsurpassed good loving and more, age, race, status immaterial Ring 0839 514194

Opening Lines advertisements cost £35 for 20 words.
To place you own advertisement call -
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04/2754

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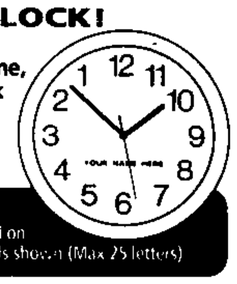

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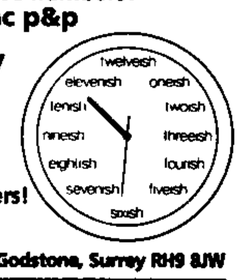

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I enclose PO/cheque value £ ..... for .... Private Eye binders *or*

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Card number:

NAME .....

ADDRESS.....

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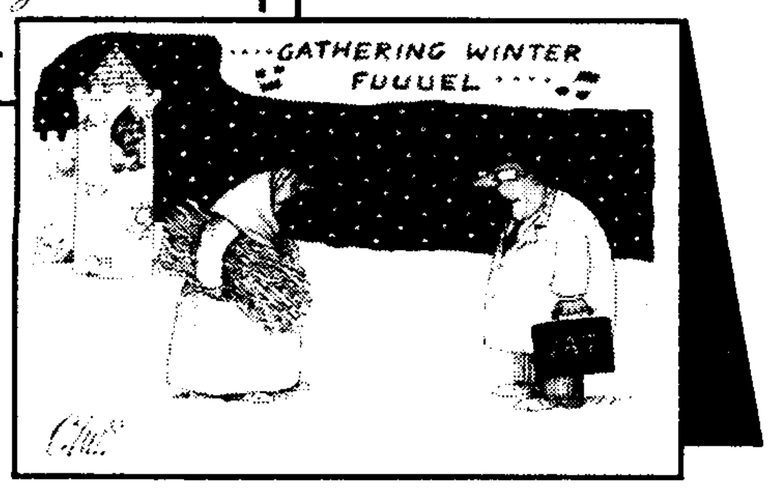
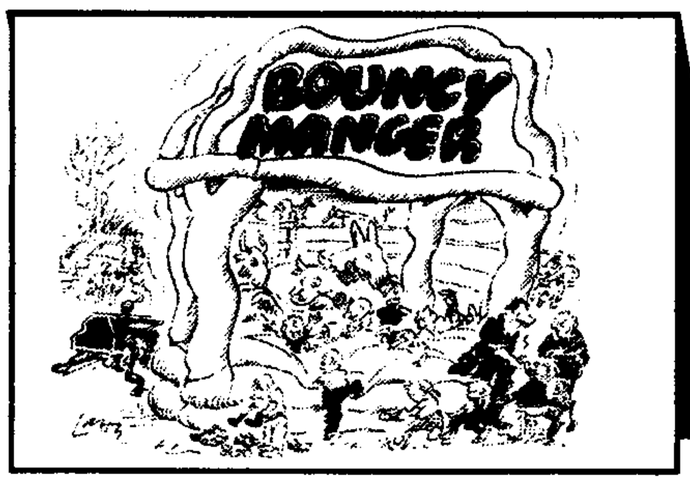
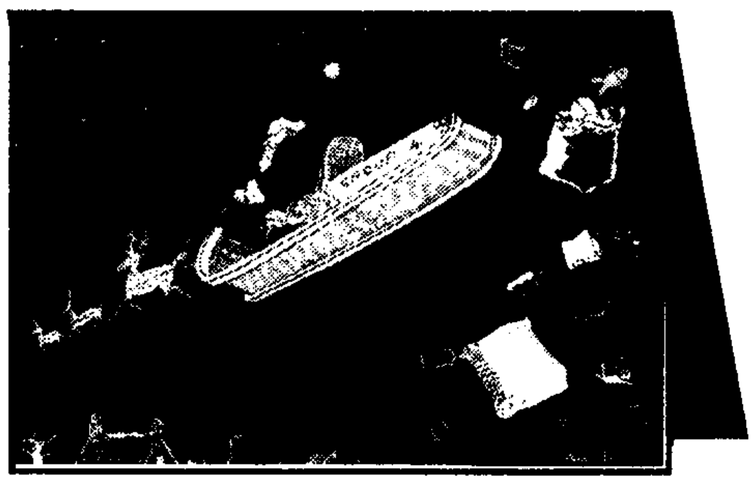
They're back!

PRIVATE EYE'S own Christmas cards



6 cartoon cards by Eye regulars
AUSTIN
BENNETT
CLUFF
de la NOUGEREDE
LARRY &
WOODCOCK





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2 of each card make up a set of 12 cards (with envelopes) for just £6 – no postage needed.
Card Size 5" × 7" (approx). Colours not shown.
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Please send me:
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Number of sets .....

Total enclosed £.....
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Number .....

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☐ I enclose £15
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Number .....
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Please send PRIVATE EYE for one year to:

Name *(please print)* .....

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